The ANTIOCH REVIEW

SPRING, 1958

Can Segregation Survive in an Industrial Society?
—J. Milton Yinger and George E. Simpson

Robinson Crusoe—the Man Alone
—Harvey Swados

Japanese Notebook
—Daniel Bell

The Novels of John P. Marquand
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The Meaning of Grundtvig—Skill Plus Culture
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L'AMERICANU, a story of modern dispossession, by Ben Morreale

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ON THE ANTIOCH COLLEGE CAMPUS, AUGUST 17-23, 1958

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Contents

L'Americanu ..... *a Story* 3
BEN MORREALE

Rocket ..... *a Poem* 14
PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE

Can Segregation Survive in an Industrial Society? .. 15
J. MILTON YINGER and GEORGE E. SIMPSON

The Awake ..... *a Poem* 24
JACK MATTHEWS

Robinson Crusoe—the Man Alone 25
HARVEY SWADOS

Lament for Unbought Grace: the Novels of John P. Marquand 41
FRANZ M. OPPENHEIMER

Moses ..... *a Poem* 61
ABRAHAM ROTHBERG

Japanese Notebook 64
DANIEL BELL

Two Poems 74
VERNON SCANNELL

The Meaning of Grundtvig: Skill Plus Culture 76
C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

The Raft ..... *a Poem* 86
LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY

Automation—a Union Gravy Train? .. *Discussion* 87
WILLIAM R. MIZELLE

Adam ..... *a Poem* 91
LEONARD WOLF

Books 92
WILLIAM PETERSEN: Despotism and Totalitarianism
N. BRYLLION FAGIN: The Russian Theatre
JUDSON JEROME: Poetry—Thick and Thin
AMRY VANDENBOSCH: Anatomy of UNESCO
PAUL BIXLER: Rod Serling's Television
ROBERT MAURER: Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom"

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Editor's Shop Talk

Publishing a book review section that is balanced, inclusive and lively is a hard, one might say an impossible, job. A quarterly review cannot hope to offer full coverage of the important books in its areas of interest. It must be highly selective, and this is true of its reviewers as well as of the subjects of their reviews. A quarterly presumably can give one time and space to turn around in, yet the reviewer can use his opportunity poorly. And when an editor has assigned a book, for good reasons he is usually loath not to publish the result unless it turns out an utter failure.

When we began publishing this Review in 1941, we decided against having a Books section. We told ourselves that if the literature in any area or subject were to be considered, it should be in the form of a review article, and it would have to measure up in ideas and quality to any other article and be published on the same footing.

In one important respect experience went against us. Occasionally we located and published a first-rate critical piece or review article. But there was no continuity and no focus; no editor felt any responsibility for obtaining such material. In 1948 we inaugurated the present section. More persistently, we continued to seek review articles, some of them comparing and contrasting a number of books in the same field. We looked for reviews, of whatever length, with ideas, with a critical attitude, with perspective.

When we began to put this issue together, we didn't realize that it was the tenth anniversary of the inauguration of the Books section. Somewhat by chance the current section is the largest we have ever published. It grew this way:

William Petersen sent us his "Oriental Despotism and Modern Totalitarianism" unsolicited and I think it is fair to say that we should have published it, review section or no review section. It is a true review article, drawing upon the ideas in Karl Wittfogel's *Oriental Despotism* for implications of the widest importance. . . . Few if any other Americans know as much about the Russian theatre as N. Bryllion Fagin, whom we first knew through an article he once did for the Review on Dostoevsky. . . . Judson Jerome is a poet. This is his second round-up review, which is by way of becoming an annual affair. . . . Intellectual freedom as well as the artistic progress of television are personal interests of this particular editor.... Literary biography as a form, and the life of Thackeray are special interests of Robert Maurer. . . . It isn't often that we ask an author, or even a co-author, to suggest a reviewer, but we asked Walter Laves, co-author of *Unesco*, and he suggested scholar Amry Vandenbosch.

—P. B.

A STORY

L'Americanu

By BEN MORREALE

For proud, sensitive poor people, it is far better to steal than to beg, and to steal from someone who has come from America is but to take part of God's belongings which He, for some unknown reason, has so badly distributed.

Nothing could make the people of Castro Filippo believe that one worked hard in America. From their countrymen who had emigrated to that land came rich, warm clothing, and money orders permitted many to lead easy, comfortable lives. Now everyone in the village had a close relative who was in America. Most of them were forgotten, vanished in the land of sausages stuffed in cans, the reality of heaven that sent men of the government to one's door with money orders.

Those villagers who were still in touch with relatives in America attempted anything to tap the wealth of "*La Cocagna*"—the land of milk and honey. Those villagers forgotten by the emigrants joined the Communist Party and became anti-American.

With his Sicilian nativity and American heritage, Luigi Puma returned to Castro Filippo, Sicily, when the prickly pears were in bloom like hard, red nipples.

"The Felix Campagnia" left Naples at eight in the evening for Palermo. In the brightly lit dining room below, dinner was being served.

Luigi Puma, after finishing his meal, went up on deck. The moon

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The most recent accomplishment of Ben Morreale is compilation of a year-by-year history of the world, from 4 B.C. to the present. The history has been "loaded" into the IBM RAMAC computer and will be used to demonstrate the capacities of the machine at the Brussels World Fair this year. A novel of his on modern Sicily, *The Seventh Saracen*, will be published this summer by Coward McCann.

was already high in the sky, trailing a thread of silver, quivering on the water. Low on the horizon clouds drifted, loose as cotton in a black still sea of sky. Behind the ship were scattered the lights of Naples. Except for the wind rushing husky over the fat round smoke-stack, on deck it was quiet.

Luigi seized the rail and peered beyond to his Sicily. "Oh, *Diu Miu, Diu Miu*," he whispered before he noticed a young couple casually clinging to each other a few feet away. Luigi listened to their low voices. The girl was broad-shouldered and her chest was flat. She had full, sensual lips that in the moonlight looked like liver. He noticed the young man she called Lex take a comb from his pocket and comb his hair, careful to leave a lock dangling over his forehead. "They're so well dressed," thought Luigi, "they must be Americans."

When the young man called Lex saw Luigi, he lifted his hand from the girl's thin hips.

Now Luigi was a tall, slender man of sixty. He had a strong and deeply cleft chin. His skin was fine and white. His nose was narrow, yet his nostrils flared. And in his suit of Howard clothes he bore the imprint, if not of an Anglo-Saxon, then surely of an American. Until he spoke, though; for he had learned English in phrases, phrases that had little meaning to Luigi. And he had filled in the in-between of these phrases as best he could.

For a moment all three leaned on the rail, silently. Luigi had been feeling gay since he left New York. Indeed, long before leaving, for he had often dreamed of returning to his native Sicily as the subway carried him to his home on First Avenue not far from Roosevelt Park.

"Hell ova nice night. Heh?"

"It certainly is," the girl said and Lex laughed.

"You pipelle goin' to Sicily too?" Luigi asked of the young couple, casually, as he knew all well-traveled people would ask.

"Yes sir," said Lex.

"Fuste time?"

"Yes, sir."

"We're honey-mooning," the girl added.

"Oh. That's terrific, kid. I'ma sure you'lla like Sicily. It's some damn country. The mountains, the frutta trees. . . . Wait till you getta load of the frutta. Wait till you tastade frutt. Boy. Let me tell you."

"Are you Sicilian?" Lex asked.

"No, I'ma American. But I was born in the country on the udder side."

Lex and the girl smiled.

"I lefta the old country when I was two-an-elve years old."

"Is this the first time you're going back?"

"Yeah."

"How charming!"

"Then this should be a wonderful experience for you, sir."

"Yeah. I figured, I'da lika to see the old folks," and added quickly, "Where you from? New York?"

"No, we're from Philadelphia."

The girl soon added that Lex had been appointed Assistant Professor of Ancient History at Mather University, in New York—"Upstate, that is"—and when they returned would live there.

"The besta luck, kid." Luigi nodded his head. What important people you meet when you travel.

"Do you know Mather University, sir?"

"Nah. I'ma from Man-ahatin. And my woike. . . . I don' hava much time. You see, kid, I'ma ba'ba.

"What do you do, sir?"

"Ima ba'ba near tery faught an' sevint."

"I'm sorry, sir, what did . . . ?"

"I'ma ba'ba, ba'ba. I cut hair. Men hair."

"Oh! A barber!"

"Yeah. A ba'ba."

"I hung around wit my people. All the ba'bas weh Sicilian. The shoe-shine boys. They weh old Sicilian boys." Luigi was about to say this, but suddenly, for no reason at all, he felt that these people were making fun of him. He shut up. Only a faint glimmer of lights could be seen on the horizon now. It was quiet and the engines throbbed. The water made a hissing sound as it parted in front of the bow. The sky was crowded with stars.

"Well, we had better turn in, honey."

"Yes, dear."

"Good night, sir."

"Goode night, young pipelle. Goode night."

Luigi watched the couple go down the stairs. He shook his head. "Jeez, you think we donna speak the same language," he whispered.

For a moment Luigi listened to the hissing of the water, then he fluffed the white handkerchief in his breast pocket in the same way his well dressed clients used to do when leaving Luigi's barber chair. He turned away from the sea and went into the bar, to drink a glass of wine.

"*'N boutiglia di vinu biancu, pir favuri,*" he asked of the barman behind a closet-like bar.

"*Comment?*"

"*'N boutiglia di vinu biancu.*"

"*Comment, monsieur?*"

"Crap, mack. White wine, a bottle."

"Oh, excuse me, sir. I thought you French. White wine. Of course, sir."

"Ah *Porca Misera,* where is my village? There the people speak clearly, at least," Luigi thought. He gulped his wine and left a large tip. He wondered if the barman had noticed his Sicilian accent.

For twenty years Luigi had saved money for his trip. He had never married, perhaps with the hope of returning to Sicily and finding a woman. He lived in a room he rented over a grocery store. On Sunday he sat, his elbows on the window sill, watching the boys play "punch ball." In the summer, for his two weeks of vacation, he visited his relatives in Hackensack; he called it the country for there were trees in the streets, until these relatives died in '36. Thereafter he went to Coney Island a few times, but the crowds frightened him. So that soon after he spent the summer's vacation as if nailed to his window watching the treeless black streets waving in the heat. He spoke little, perhaps because he had come to America when he spoke Sicilian as an infant and he had never truly mastered American. Mercifully, he worked in a barber shop in Pennsylvania Station. He need not talk; these were clients of passage.

If he had not enjoyed his life in New York, he wanted at least to live his remaining years in his native country. Little by little he had bought furnishings for a home, much as a girl prepares a trousseau. One month he bought sheets and pillow cases. And he saved for a month. Later he bought a suit, with two pairs of trousers, and he saved. Then the shoes, and more saving. Then curtains and all that was necessary for a home. It had taken him five years to get these things

together. The war had discouraged him and he had decided to die in New York. But once the war was over, he began to put things aside again.

Luigi had two cousins, both married now, who lived in Castro Filippo, Sicily. Toto and Santa. Toto was a clerk in the town hall; like most men of the village, he shared his job. He worked from November 1st to January 31st. The rest of the year, his job was divided among three other men. There was not much work in the village. Many men were unemployed. From February to November Toto paced slowly up and down *la chiazza*, as the villagers called the village *piazza*. During these months of idleness, Toto cursed his gods more often, then once a month went to confess his sins.

When Luigi arrived in the village, he went to the home of Toto because it was nearest the station. They all cried for a long time. They had not seen each other for fifty years.

Santa, Luigi's other cousin, finally stood up and took Luigi by the arm. "Come, you will come to our house and unpack your things."

Toto pulled Luigi's other arm. "Sit down, Luigi. You will stay with us. It has all been arranged."

"Let us not argue, Toto. He is staying with us."

"Look here, dear sister Santuzza, do not let us go into that again. It has all been settled. He is staying with us."

"Toto, do not stir *merda* that stinks." Santa seized Luigi's arm and led him to the door. "Do not stay with these people. His wife will steal all that you have," she whispered.

Toto rushed towards them. "Look, cousin Luigi, do not listen to her. Her husband has turned her against us and she has lost her love for the family. You will fare better if you stay with us."

Santa dropped Luigi's arm. For a moment she forgot that a cousin had come to the village. "What do you mean by that? Is it that wife of yours that makes you speak these words?"

Toto raised his hand and let it hang menacingly in the air, when Luigi stepped between them. For the first time in his life he spoke with authority, for he was the cousin from America. "Now look, Santa, Toto. Do not argue. Why argue? We shall do here what we do in America. We shall toss a coin. If it is heads, I remain with Santa. If it is tails I remain with Toto."

Toto and Santa said nothing.

Luigi flipped the coin in the air and caught it in the palm of his hand. He uncovered the coin. It was heads.

"You will have regrets," Toto muttered.

In a few days Luigi was installed in the home of his cousin Santa. He had brought twenty-four towels, twelve sheets and six pillow cases, six suits, ten pair of shoes, a sure sign of wealth in the village; an overcoat, curtains, D.D.T. and two dozen rolls of Scott's toilet paper, indeed a luxury in the village of Castro Filippo. He had bought everything of the best quality. He wanted all to last a lifetime. He thought of buying a piece of land out in the country and settling there with the help of his two cousins. He had not told his plans to either Santa or Toto. He wanted to surprise them.

In the meantime he covered the two trunks with old winter shawls and put them in the storeroom beside the wicker coffers filled with fava beans and wheat.

A week after his arrival, Luigi was returning from Toto's home. It was the first time he had walked the streets alone. He walked quietly, looking down at the broken cobblestones of the street. A tall gaunt man, dressed in rags, stepped quickly in front of Luigi. He walked slowly, forcing Luigi to slow down his pace. After a few minutes he buttoned his jacket with a gesture of exaggerated elegance. Then he turned and belched bluntly in Luigi's face. Then he bowed and permitted *l'Americanu* to pass.

Luigi shook his head and smiled. He looked at the people around him. They all stared back and said nothing. At the moment Luigi thought that the man was simply the village clown, yet when he reached the home of his cousin Santa, the incident disturbed him. The people of the village were quick to take offence. They were quick to react to one. In his youth, just before leaving for America, Luigi remembered that for a public reprimand a man had been killed. This man in rags had not been a clown. But why would they want to insult me? Luigi asked.

That evening Luigi opened one of his large trunks and found that ten of his Cannon towels were missing. He searched the other trunk, hoping they were there instead. Sorrowfully he had to admit that the towels were indeed gone. Luigi did not mention this to his cousin Santa. She carried on her daily routine naturally. She said nothing. Yet when their eyes met, they both understood. A week later six

sheets and four pillow cases were gone. Luigi now locked his trunks and carried the keys in his watch pocket. He talked little to Santa.

Luigi had had the habit of hanging his six suits on the hooks which were hammered into the white-washed walls of his room. When he found three of his suits missing Luigi thought sadly that it was time to act.

That same evening Santa was weeding the pebbles and dirt from a large pile of lentils, when Luigi entered the kitchen. He sat across the table from her and began examining the lentils.

Santa was short. A soft black moustache grew over her thin lips. She spoke in long spurts as if she had thought about the words during her long periods of silence.

"Santa."

"*Si*?"

"Santa, I think I should now go to spend some time with Toto."

"But why, dear cousin?" She stopped. "Are you not content here with us?"

"*Si*. But I must spend some time with him. You know how he is. He will be hurt if I do not spend some time with him. You remember what a scene he made when I first arrived. Then too, I do not want you to have all the trouble."

Santa was silent.

"And I think that being up on the hill, near the station, I shall feel cooler."

Santa pushed a pile of lentils into a blackened pot. In the moment of silence the lentils rattled into the pot like pebbles on to a metal drum.

"Look, cousin Luigi, no egg-shell is stuck to your behind. You are old enough to do as you wish. But perhaps you have forgotten the ways of some of our people. There is a meanness in certain people that goes beyond the family. And that wife of my brother, that Maria. . . . Avarice, meanness begins with her. And *fourba*! Beautiful Mary! She will steal the shoes from your feet. Do you know what she did one Christmas?"

"Oh, Cousin Santa. I do not want to hear any gossip."

"This is not gossip, Luigi. It is the truth. You remember that for Christmas it was the custom to put our shoes out on the door step in the hope that the Virgin Mary would leave a few sweet things for us. Do you know what she did? That bedbug-ridden gypsy! She got up

at five in the morning, barefooted, because her family was always dying of hunger until she got her claws into Toto. This Maria tried on all the shoes until she found a pair that fitted her. And she walked off with them! No, Luigi. I tell you, a woman who is capable of stealing children's shoes. . . ."

"But that was a long time ago, Santa."

"Long time ago? But no, Luigi. She was thirteen at the time. Then too, a vice is a vice. It stays with people all their lives. I am just warning you. As I said, you are old enough to do as you wish. . . ."

"Toto would be offended if I did not go to spend some time at his home."

She shrugged her shoulders. She pushed the last pile of lentils into the casserole.

The next morning Luigi had his half-filled trunks moved by the haulers up to the home of his cousin Toto.

During the next few days, Luigi tried to forget the loss of his six sheets, four pillow cases, his towels and his three Howard suits. In the afternoon he strolled arm in arm with his cousin Toto. They drank a bottle of red wine in the café near the church before taking the evening meal. After supper, the men took their coffee in *la chiazza* while Toto's wife cleaned up the kitchen. Often Toto's friends joined them and they all talked until *la chiazza* was bare and the table covered with empty bottles. Most of the people had a friendly curiosity. Yet there were many men whose eyes seemed to snarl when they passed Luigi in the streets. When they saw Luigi approaching, some turned away and spat violently. Others cleared their throats and then spat at Luigi's shoes. Usually these insults came when Luigi was alone, but soon they were repeated even when Toto walked with him. It was the patience and the placidness of Luigi that prevented numerous fights.

"Do not let it bother you, Toto. I do not know why they should hate me so much."

He took Toto by the arm and led him away while Toto muttered, "*Porco Dio*!"

"I am new here. They will learn to be friendly in time, Toto."

The evening before *La Festa della Madonna del Monte*, men with red armbands were decorating *la chiazza*. They hoisted up arcs of electric bulbs across the square and the street. The arcs formed a tunnel from the café to the church, about a hundred yards in all. The church

had two steeples. On the right steeple was a clock which had stopped at 3:30 six years ago. The church seemed like a brooding one-eyed owl.

The air was warm and filled with the savage smell of heather and spice. It made Luigi yawn and bite the air. Something stirred in the pit of his stomach. There was a constant murmur in the air. In the square the men strolled arm in arm.

Luigi and Toto sat in Jourdano's café, drinking their evening coffee. Luigi yawned and stretched his legs and arms.

"Toto, it must be said. The air of Sicily makes me feel a young man again. In the name of the Madonna, have you ever seen so many stars?"

The arcs of electric bulbs had all been put up. Some still quivered. They seemed like a reflection of the stars which scintillated in the sky. In front of the church three men hoisted up a banner which read: "The Communist Party of Sicily Welcomes the Madonna."

The work was done. The men came to drink their wine. They all avoided the tables near Luigi and Toto, but as they filed by, they were silent.

It was the same man in the ragged suit who looked at Luigi and muttered, "*Assassino*!"

Luigi slapped Toto's arm and said, "Toto, I think it is time we went home."

Toto looked around him and said loudly, "It is a fine night. Let us have a bottle of wine."

The working men now were all laughing loudly and gulping down their wine. When they finished their second round, a little moon-faced man lifted his glass and called, "Jourda', bring my friend, *l'Americanu*, a bottle of our wine. Tell him it is from us." He waved his arm around in a wild circle.

Toto snapped his head back and called, "We have a bottle here, Jourda'. We do not want another."

"Bring them another just the same, *padrone*," said the ragged man.

"We do not want it."

"Look, Toto, we shall be offended if you do not accept our wine. Go ahead, Jourda'. Another bottle!"

Jourdano, the owner, stood in the doorway of the café. He did not move. Toto looked sternly at the ground. The men at the other tables grinned. For a moment no one spoke.

Finally Luigi stood up. He motioned to Jourdano. "Bring the wine, Jourda'." He turned to the ragged man. "Look, you have offered the bottle. Why do you not come to help us drink it?"

"We do not drink with the assassins of Korea," the ragged man shouted.

"What have I to do with Korea?"

"You are an *Americanu*."

Suddenly all the men started to snap and snarl their words from all sides. Toto and Luigi were surrounded.

"You have killed innocent people in the chair of electricity!"

"You have dropped diseases on innocent children!"

"You are preparing a war of atom bombs!"

"You are a menace to the human race!"

Luigi pressed his soft white fist to his heart. "I am a barber from New York."

The men stared at Luigi.

"I want you to drink with us."

The men suddenly stopped yelling. Its fangs exposed, a dog continued barking violently, making snoring noises. Luigi sat down.

The men turned their backs to Luigi and were soon laughing among themselves. Luigi and Toto were ignored and left alone.

Luigi paid for the wine. He took Toto by the arm and they left the café, leaving on their table a full bottle of red wine.

The two men walked arm in arm. They did not speak.

Finally Luigi asked, "Toto, who was that tall man? The one they call Tagliarocca?"

"Pietru Tagliarocca? Him? He works for the railroad now. He helps unload the wagons."

"It seems to me he is a man of politics."

"Ooph! He is the chief of the Communist Party. He is a learned man. He knows Latin. He was studying for the priesthood. Oh, there was quite a scandal. He was a few weeks away from being ordained when he left without saying a word. One day, it was a good time later, he returned. He took a job in the mines of sulphur. The mines of the Grotti."

Luigi remembered the mines of the Grotti. When he was a boy he had brought lunch to his uncle who worked there as a carrier. The men worked knee-deep in water and accidents were frequent.

"Do they still have accidents there, Toto?"

"Eh! It was because of an accident that Tagliarocca had to stop working. There was an explosion. It affected his lungs. He needs the big air now, the doctors say. They offered him a good job as a bookkeeper but he refused it." Toto shook his head as if he still could not believe a man refused a job. "'If I must work away from the mines, I would rather be with the men,' he said. Now he shares a job with three other men. He works three months out of the year. He always talks to all who will listen."

Luigi slept badly that night. He heard the dogs chasing the rats which were too strong for the cats to chase. He dozed. He heard cats fighting for their pleasures. He dozed. He heard the roosters crow and he dozed until he saw the light of day and he could sleep no more.

He dressed and went down to the kitchen. Maria, Toto's wife, was building the morning fire in the brick oven.

"Well, there you are. Are you up already?"

"*Bongiornu*, Maria."

Luigi took his coffee and buns in silence. Maria fanned the oven to keep the fire going.

That same morning Luigi found the last of his bed sheets gone. In the days that followed, two of his suits disappeared, then his overcoat, curtains, shoes. By the end of the week only the rolls of toilet paper shuffled around in the empty trunks. Toto said nothing. His wife said nothing. And Luigi could not speak of it, because a sad thickness hung in his throat. Luigi noticed Toto's reluctance to be alone with him. And whenever Luigi entered the room Maria stopped talking and in a moment excused herself saying she had work to do. At night when Luigi could not sleep, his head filled with wine, he asked himself aloud, "Why did they not ask me for the things? Then I could have stayed."

In all, he had been in Castro Filippo two months. He left on a Tuesday morning with only two valises. He left the empty trunks and the toilet paper. No one asked why.

Santa and her husband, Toto and his wife, accompanied him to the station. Again they cried, for it was the last time that they would see Luigi.

They settled Luigi in a compartment. They kissed him, leaving

on his cheeks traces of their tears. Soon no one found words to say. They left before the train pulled out of the station. Luigi sat, for a long while, staring at his hands in his lap. Then the train started moving and Luigi leaned out of the train. The station was empty. Only Pietru Tagliarocca stood near the unloading platform. As the train passed the tall ragged man, both men lifted their arms simultaneously. They waved to each other.

"*Bon viaggio*!"

"*Arrivederci*!"

The prickly pears hung full and ripe like the breasts of young women and a smell of youth, of milk and eternal sunshine was in the air.

Luigi breathed deeply, sighed and went to sit beneath his valises swaying with the movement of the train.

Rocket

By Pierre Henri Delattre

We shipped an embryo
To the land of lichen,
Frozen in a tube,
An unmanned ship.

When it was out of sight
Of the most powerful telescope
Our radar followed some million
Miles more. When we had lost
All contact, our race
Began to hope for survival.

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Can Segregation Survive in an Industrial Society?

By J. MILTON YINGER *and* GEORGE E. SIMPSON

IN MANY PARTS of the world, in the last decade, mankind has learned that the industrial growth of "underdeveloped" countries is not simply a matter of building a few factories, power plants, and railroads. Production patterns are thoroughly entwined with habits of consumption, attitudes toward work, family patterns, religious values, the distribution of political power. To change one of these requires attention to the ways in which it is tied to all the others. The speed with which industrialization can be accomplished depends upon the many ways in which it is related to the whole "system."

When given a reverse twist, the lesson that industrialization is not as simple as it seemed may help us to understand desegregation in the United States. In a sense we are witnessing a situation opposite to that in the underdeveloped countries. Rather than one new pattern (industrialization) being joined to a whole series of old patterns, and often being sharply modified by them, we have, to put the matter over-simply, an old pattern (segregation) being surrounded by a vigorous series of influences brought by extensive urbanization and industrialization in a democratic context.

Thus the speed of school integration does not depend simply upon the outcome of the conflict in Little Rock, on the results of a Virginia election, or even on the pronouncements of our highest court. Dramatic changes in the structure of American society are bringing with them new compulsions that cannot be disregarded. Whether to support

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segregation or integration is not simply a matter of taste or private value preference. Once a society has taken the road of industrialization, a whole series of changes begin to take place that undermine the foundation of the segregation system. As Veblen might have said, these changes may be regarded as "salutary or the reverse," but they cannot be brushed aside. We need scarcely add that when the industrialization is taking place in a democratic society, moral and legal forces are added to the requirements of the industrial process to create enormous pressure on the patterns of segregation.

Segregated schools are part of a complex structure of segregation, involving separately defined "white" and "colored" jobs, relative exclusion of Negroes from politics, segregation in the use of public facilities, separate churches and residential areas, differential treatment in the armed forces. Each part of this structure re-enforces, and is re-enforced by, the others. Oppositely, however, once significant changes begin to occur in any part of the pattern, strains are felt throughout the system of segregation.

From this point of view, the vital fact is that desegregation has begun in almost every aspect of American society. While public attention, in the last several years, has been focused upon Tuscaloosa, Alabama; Clinton, Tennessee; and Little Rock, Arkansas, a quiet revolution has continued to cut away at the foundations of segregation. And this revolution, unlike the process of desegregation, has nearly unanimous support, North and South, among segregationists and integrationists.

Ralph McGill has remarked that desegregation "began with the boll weevil," a quarter of a century ago. The little scoundrel clearly had some help in chewing away at the one-crop cotton economy and the rural, plantation society with which it was connected. A major depression, governmental encouragement to crop diversification, increased mechanization of agriculture, strenuous efforts to bring industry into the South all began to change social patterns that had been relatively stable for half a century. Paradoxically, many an ardent segregationist was also a supporter of the efforts to bring industry into the South, often without realizing that he was making a fundamental choice. Urbanization, the increase in industrial jobs with hourly pay rates, the beginnings of unionization, diversification of jobs for Negroes, the growth in literacy and awareness of democratic values,

the sharp increase in the size of the urban middle class, a growing integration of the national economy—these and other forces are changing the patterns of race relations in all parts of the country. Although the South is still less urban than most other areas of the country (47 per cent according to the 1950 census compared with 64 per cent for the country as a whole), she has been urbanizing more than twice as rapidly as the rest of the nation since 1900. The rural South lost a million Negro residents in the 1940-1950 decade alone.

With urbanization has come a sharp increase in industrial production, at a rate about one-third faster in the South, since 1930, than in the rest of the nation. The Negro sharecropper and tenant, with his vast dependence upon the plantation owner in almost every aspect of life, is being replaced by the town worker. His work is still largely on the unskilled level and his income is low; but there are important differences. Hourly pay rates, an increasing need for semi-skilled and skilled workers, public welfare services, increased shopping in town stores tend to bring Negroes into the more impersonal "market" of the city. The merchant and industrialist are caught in much sharper cross-pressures than the plantation owner. The merchant may believe in segregation, but he also believes in customers. The industrialist, interested in the rational organization of production, is not happy with artificial restraints on his use of the labor force.

Nearly a century ago, Sir Henry Maine spoke of the shift from "status" to "contract" in human associations. In the stable contacts of a rural situation, we respond to the "whole" person, on the basis of his class and other status identities. In the city, contacts more frequently partake of the quality of contracts, with specific mutual obligations. We interact with "segments" of persons who are performing designated social roles as clerk, employee, or medical specialist. This impersonality (with its gains and losses) leads the participants to ask different questions of each other. Rather than "Does he belong?" we ask, "Can he do the job?"

If this thesis is correct—that in an urban, mobile, industrial society we tend to apply more impersonal and "functional" criteria to most of our associations—we should expect to find severe cracks in the wall of segregation in almost every aspect of our national life. What is the evidence? We can only suggest some of the many ways in which the old patterns are being replaced.

II

It sometimes appears, in the public debate, that the process of desegregation is being determined wholly by white men. But it is scarcely less important to know what is happening to Negroes in the new setting—to their location, their jobs, their education, in whatever school, and to their hopes. Negroes are now just about as urban, North and South, as are whites. In the cities there is a livelier discussion of their problems, stronger political currents, more vigorous social movements. Segregationists find very few allies among Negroes in urban areas, for inertia, fear, and ignorance of national values are much less prevalent. That one-third of the colored population now lives in the North and West (it was scarcely ten per cent in 1900) vitally affects their influence in the country as a whole. Surely the Civil Rights Law of 1957 indicates their growing national political importance. In a generation, the proportion of whites who are graduating from high school has not quite doubled. Although the differential is still large, the proportion among Negroes has nearly tripled in every section of the country. *Fortune* magazine reports that the per capita income of Negroes, which stood at thirty per cent of the white in 1940, had climbed by 1956 to 53 per cent.

Consider the effects both of the mechanization of agriculture and of increased employment opportunities for Negroes in urban areas in one Mississippi county. The number of tractors increased five times between 1940 and 1950 and mechanical cotton pickers, introduced in 1943, numbered two hundred by the end of the decade. The school-age population in the county changed little during the ten years, but a large number of farm families moved to the principal town. The average daily attendance of Negro children increased 41 per cent in the urban schools during this period, and, for the first time, they began to enter grades above the eighth. In *The New Revolution in the Cotton Economy*, J. H. Street points out that only a few years earlier most of these children were required to pick cotton from September through November and that the teen-age boys spent the spring months plowing and cultivating.

Occupational shifts among Negroes, both in the South and elsewhere, are fundamental in the desegregation process. Changes from agricultural employment and domestic service to industry tend to

mean more anonymity, independence and economic opportunity for the worker. The number of Negro women in the labor force increased by approximately half a million during the 1940's, but the proportions employed on farms and in domestic service decreased sharply. It would be erroneous to assert that full employment in the postwar period greatly reduced the concentration of job opportunities for Negroes on the lowest levels of work. Eli Ginzberg's *The Negro Potential* shows, however, that the proportion of Negro men employed at the higher job levels in the South increased from 7.3 per cent to 12.2 per cent between 1940 and 1950. The gain in the rest of the country was from 19.2 to 24.2 per cent. Among white workers, the proportionate shifts to higher job levels were less than half as large, although clearly they moved from a higher base.

In the southern labor market, Negroes cannot advance to supervise whites or mixed crews, and direct personal competition is restricted largely to isolated, dead-end jobs. Nevertheless, in seeking to make more rational use of available manpower a number of industrial concerns have modified segregated employment procedures and have opened new opportunities for Negro workers. Others are likely to follow. One of the leaders in providing new opportunities for Negro workers is International Harvester. This company's three southern plants have some mixed production teams and nearly one-fourth of the Negro employees in manufacturing and raw materials operations were upgraded in one year.

Automation, a new term but an old process, has downgraded many skills in industry. Industrial unions have been threatened more by unorganized workers than have trade unions. It is not surprising, therefore, that industrial unions have taken the lead against discrimination in industry. From its founding in 1890, the United Mine Workers of America has admitted all workers without regard to race, creed, or nationality. The national organization of the United Steelworkers of America stands for racial equality. An important agreement, signed in July, 1957 by the United Automobile Workers and the National Urban League, calls for cooperative action in dealing with cases of discrimination in plants employing the union's one and a half million members (approximately 20 per cent of whom are Negroes).

The obstacles to the inclusion of Negroes in labor unions in the

South must not be minimized. Scarcely more than 5 per cent of the organized workers in that region are Negro. In some occupations formidable impediments to apprenticeship training are due in part to union policies. The unions in the building trades are notable in this respect. On the other hand, an outstanding effort to combat racial discrimination is found in the application of the United Packinghouse Workers' national anti-discrimination program to its southern locals. All master contracts with the Big Four packers contain nondiscrimination clauses which apply to applicants and employees, and Fort Worth, Atlanta, Birmingham, Albany, Tifton, and Moultrie (Georgia) are among the southern cities where desegregation is proceeding in the Cudahy and Armour plants. In the middle 1950's the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers signed a new contract with the Beaumont, Texas refinery of Magnolia Petroleum assuring new Negro job opportunities, and other oil companies have followed suit. Today labor unions have at least one and a quarter million Negro members, and most important unions in expanding industries seem to favor the improvement of the econmic position of the Negro. Recently the Supreme Court held that under the Railway Labor Act an exclusive bargaining agent must represent all workers without discrimination, a decision foreshadowing increased legal pressures.

At the end of World War II Congress failed to pass legislation establishing a permanent FEPC. Mr. Truman appointed a Fair Employment Board, however, to carry out a nondiscrimination policy within the federal government, and President Eisenhower has created a similar committee. Both presidents appointed committees on government contract compliance calling for equal employment opportunity by contractors and subcontractors doing business with or for the federal government. The present committee has only fifteen employees and a budget of only $190,000, yet it is not without influence. On November 20, 1957 the committee reported an increase in Negroes hired for skilled work and for industrial jobs, but a continued lag in white collar employment. Nine per cent of the employees in the plants under their observation are colored. Perhaps most importantly, more than nine per cent of apprentices are Negro.

Although full employment has been an important factor in the economic situation in recent years, there has been a significant increase

in employment opportunities for Negroes in most of the sixteen Fair Employment Practices states and the three dozen FEP cities. Interestingly enough, the most effective FEP laws and organizations are found among our most heavily urbanized and industrialized states. In 1956, the New York State Commission Against Discrimination inaugurated a program of industry-wide investigations to change the policies of industries as a group, including those of both employers and unions. The industries included: airlines, baking, brewing, hotels, and railways. In December, 1956, the airlines agreed to judge applicants in all categories of employment and of upgrading on the basis of merit and without regard to race, creed, color, or national origin.

In recent years Negroes have encountered little difficulty voting in Oklahoma, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. The main obstacle in Virginia has been the poll tax, but in some years Negroes in that state have voted in proportionately greater numbers than whites. In North Carolina, educational tests have been a stumbling block to mass Negro voting. Illegal tactics, violence and intimidation to eliminate Negro voters have been employed in Mississippi and Louisiana, especially in the rural areas. Despite new voting regulations which have caused some confusion among both Negro and white voters, especially in Georgia and Mississippi, the upward trend in Negro voting has continued. The only exception is Mississippi. In support of the thesis advanced here, it may be said that since the end of World War II there has been little organized opposition to Negro registration and voting in southern cities with populations of 25,000 or more. In Atlanta, Memphis, Jacksonville, and New Orleans, Negroes may qualify as easily as in any northern city.

The southern Negro vote was estimated at 70,000 in the 1920's, but the estimated number of registered Negroes in thirteen southern states in 1956 was 1,400,000. There are more than five million Negro citizens of voting age in these states. Although educational and other qualifications will continue to be used to restrict Negro voting, the Supreme Court's ruling on the white primary, plus the Civil Rights Law of 1957 giving the federal government power to protect and enforce the right to vote with court orders, make it likely that from two to two and a half million Negroes will vote within a decade. In many places in the South the experience of northern cities in the years

since 1915 will be repeated. As it becomes easier to vote, Negroes will show greater interest in education, civic issues, and voting. A larger Negro vote will bring recognition in the form of patronage, and more substantial personal rewards will foster greater political activity.

The rather remarkable transformation of the armed services from largely segregated to almost entirely integrated organizations has occurred within the past fifteen years. In visiting military bases from coast to coast in 1953, Lee Nichols found "that the wall of racial segregation was almost gone." The structural changes have produced improved efficiency and morale. In addition to military integration itself, the armed forces have developed integrated housing, transportation, religious services, education, recreation, and other aspects of life for service personnel, civilian employees, and their families within their own communities, both in the United States and overseas.

By September, 1957, 740 school districts in the seventeen southern and border states, plus the District of Columbia, had begun or accomplished the desegregation process. Approximately 2,300 bi-racial districts were still entirely segregated. With the exception of ten districts in Arkansas, three in North Carolina, and three in Tennessee, all of the 740 desegregated districts are in the border states and Washington, D.C.

Despite pro-segregation legislation, litigation, the violence in Clinton, Tennessee and elsewhere, and the ordering of federal troops to Little Rock, Arkansas, desegregation in the public schools is under way. The principle that no child is to be denied admission to any public school merely because of race will come to be generally accepted. A number of factors seem to support this conclusion. The marked drop of Negro population in the rural areas will cause a large reduction of school attendance, and the economic problem of maintaining separate Negro schools for a steadily declining enrollment will be a serious one. Further increases in the size of the Negro vote will strengthen the political position of the Negro and will cause his voice to be listened to in school as well as in other matters. The continued industrialization of the South will tend to further desegregation, in part because investors will be unenthusiastic about communities which are filled with racial tension. School desegregation is proceeding within a complex total social situation, but it is proceeding.

III

It would be foolish to argue that the rapid urbanization and industrialization of America has made desegregation inevitable through a swift and painless process. Indeed, conflict is often increased by rapid social change, because those who formerly could simply accept an arrangement of which they approved now find themselves obliged to try to defend it. The speed of change, the degree of antipathy it will arouse, the types of contact in which it will first appear may all vary. In housing, for example, there has been little change. Many northerners who criticize the South for segregated schools accept and defend the housing pattern that has many of the same consequences for interracial relations and personality development. A number of forces make it likely that desegregation in housing will proceed more slowly than most of the other changes. The choice of residence partakes least of the quality of impersonality that strongly affects many contacts in urban life. A house is a major lifetime expenditure for many families, making them particularly sensitive to changes that seem to threaten its value. Negroes and whites may join together in the pursuit of common political goals; and in a day of high employment, they are less likely to see each other as competitors for scarce jobs. With housing in short supply, however, and the costs high, they may feel sharp conflict over residences. The rapid increase of the colored population of our cities adds strength to all of these forces. And powerful interests who profit from overcrowding on one hand and the saleability of "exclusiveness" on the other stanchly support segregated housing.

Weakness in any part of the system of segregation tends to be felt throughout the system; but it is equally true that one firm segment re-enforces all the others. Thus continued segregation in housing affects the whole pattern. Obviously it promotes school segregation. More obscurely, but no less importantly, it affects the whole framework of attitudes that influence the interaction of white and Negro people. Residential segregation affects the motivations, the values, the self-conceptions of Negro children; it promotes the maintenance of separate subcultural norms; it supports the stereotypes through which we see the behavior of others.

The shadow of the plantation, the "southern way of life" (with the Negro in his "proper" place), the problems created by the enormously rapid increase of the Negro population in cities, the frustrations of little men, the ambitions of politicians, even the echoes of Civil War cannon, are very real. Also real, and in the long run, more powerful, however, are the influences of mechanized agriculture, large-scale migration, urbanization, industrialization, political realignment, and new international relations symbolized by intercontinental missiles and artificial moons. Segregation belongs to another age. It does not mesh well with the main features of American life in the second half of the twentieth century. Although it will not disappear quietly or immediately, segregation is crumbling.

The Awake

By Jack Matthews

It is now, in the dark heaviness of a spruce swamp,
barred like a brassy cage, silent as water, that the bear
licks at his heart beat, the old buck lies panting
to lose a hard day's growth of antler in his brain.

It is now that mice leisurely enlarge themselves
under floorboards, that elm trees drink black space
and wheat flattens like wind on the darkened earth.
Men sigh and mumble in their covers; women knit at dreams.

Let us pity those who are left to listen to that old noise
of the moon as it is cranked up into a hollow sky.

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Robinson Crusoe—the Man Alone

By HARVEY SWADOS

> Gladly he gives this tale to all mankind
> To tread the hills and shores with countless feet.
> Henceforth the globe itself swims in his mind,
> The last unknown and insular retreat.
> —from *Crusoe*, by Karl Shapiro

TOUGH-MINDED JOURNALIST that he was, Daniel Defoe would have blanched if he had known that future generations would classify him snugly as the Father of the Novel. Indeed it was precisely in his greatest works of fiction that he was at pains—because the temper of his time demanded it—to claim that he was only setting down the unvarnished facts, and that he had no intention of concocting romances or other questionable works of the imagination. But if this is a historical oddity it is hardly the most remarkable paradox psychologically of this complicated man: one must be particularly struck by the disparity between the materials he sought out so methodically and the literary uses to which he put them. This disparity is most intriguing in the case of *Robinson Crusoe*; an examination of it may perhaps reveal to us a little more, not just about the personality of Defoe, but about the vaster problem of human loneliness, which spreads like a stain as more and more of us are pressed closer and closer together.

In the spring of 1944 I was cycling along the North Sea coast with several companions, equipped with neither map nor guidebooks, only with a turkey and other picnic necessities borrowed from the merchant ship on which we were employed. One of the most pleasant

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occurrences of that delightful day in peaceful County Fife was our sudden discovery of a statue about the size of a cigar-store Indian standing forthrightly on the front lawn of a modest row house in the town of Largo. There was barely room for the statue, and when we saw that it had been erected in memory of Alexander Selkirk, we nodded wisely, exchanged some comments about *Robinson Crusoe*, and continued on our way.

But that statue remained in a corner of my mind, obstinately, as such things will. The world is full of statues of all sorts, and I have stared at my share: statues of authors and statues of their creations, statues of Montaigne and Balzac in Paris and of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn in Hannibal. But I am not aware of many statues erected to the memory of those who have inspired the authors of great works, or who have served as the models for their characters. Is there a statue of Gogarty in Dublin, of Mrs. Wolfe in Asheville, of Thalberg in Hollywood, or of that little piece of madeleine in Paris?

I knew rather vaguely, I suppose, that Alexander Selkirk had been a seafaring man, that he had been shipwrecked for a time, and that Defoe had somehow made use of his adventure, but it was not until, browsing through Walter Wilson's rambling three volume *Life and Times of Defoe* (1830), I came upon a hair-raising footnote, that I began to sense what kind of fellow Selkirk had been. After he was rescued from his desert island, he returned in 1712 to Largo. There, says Wilson casually, "His parents, who were still living, received him with joy; but his recluse habits induced him to shun the haunts of men, and he constructed a cave in their garden, where he sought repose in solitude. . . . "

The fact is that, far from having been shipwrecked, he had had himself put ashore on a desolate island at his own request—and there he remained alone for four and a half years before being taken off and returned to happy little Largo, his parents' garden, and the cave which he hastened to dig. This voluntary commitment has been amply commented on (although I don't think it has been interpreted quite as I interpret it), but I am unaware that any modern writer has so much as mentioned the cave in the garden, with the exception of Walter De La Mare, in his wonderfully engaging *Desert Islands*.

Thomas Wright, in his Bicentennial Edition of *The Life of Daniel Defoe*, does have a fairly thorough account, sans cave, of this peculiar

man. Alexander Selkirk had been born Selcraig (just as Robinson Crusoe had been born Kreutznaer, and Daniel Defoe, for that matter, had been born Foe), the seventh son of a cobbler, like Hans Andersen, as Walter De La Mare points out, and so many folk-tale heroes. "Wild and restless," he ran off to sea for six years after creating a disturbance in church at the age of nineteen. He returned only to beat up his brother for giving him salt water (it was a mistake), and to beat up another brother, and his father, and finally even his mother, for trying to stop him. On Sunday morning, the 30th of November, 1701, he was obliged to stand up in church in front of the pulpit and acknowledge sin, be rebuked in the face of the congregation for it, and promise amendment in the strength of the Lord.

Understandably, this passionate young man went to sea again the following spring, with Dampier, the celebrated buccaneer, who had two ships to plunder French and Spanish vessels. Thomas Stradling, "a man of ferocious and quarrelsome temper," was master of Selkirk's ship, the *Cinque Ports*, and Dampier himself commanded the *St. George*. Arrived at the Juan Fernandez Islands off the coast of Chile early in 1704, the two men quarreled and separated; but Selkirk too became embroiled with Stradling and had himself and his effects rowed ashore to Mas-a-tierra, an island roughly twelve by three miles.

> When, however, he saw the boat returning, the horrors of his situation vividly presented themselves; and, rushing into the surf up to the middle, he stretched out his hands towards his comrades, and implored them to come back and take him on board again. The only answer was a jeer. The boat reached the ship, the ship spread her sails, and Selkirk was alone on his island.
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> Unable to abandon the hope that Stradling would relent and come back for him, the unhappy Selkirk found himself chained to the beach; and, even when gnawed with hunger, rather than go in search of fruits and other products of the woods, he contented himself with shell-fish and seal's flesh, and whatever else he could obtain without removing inland. He hated even to close his eyes. Often he cursed the folly that had brought him to this terrible solitude, and sometimes, starting up in agony, he would resolve on suicide. Voices spoke to him both in the howlings of the sea in front and in the murmur of the woods behind. The shore was creatured with phantoms. Then—cooling his fevered brain—came sweet visions of his childhood, the home at Largo, his mother, the fields he had rambled in, the words he had heard in the old kirk, thoughts of God.

After eight long months of melancholy and horror, in which he was "scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence," he vanquished his blues, as De La Mare puts it, and set to work. He burned all-spice wood, fed on fish, turnips and goats' meat, and came gradually to cope creatively with life on Mas-a-tierra. He had a couple of narrow escapes, once from a fall of a hundred feet, ar other time from marauding Spaniards, and when his ammunition ran out he raced barefoot after the island's goats and their kids, capturing and killing no less than five hundred of them.

On the 31st of January, 1709, he was picked up, scarcely articulate but otherwise healthy, by two more marauding ships, the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, on one of which was no other than Dampier. Selkirk was made mate of the *Duke*, and subsequently master of one which the marauders captured, and returned home with about eight hundred pounds of prize money, or plunder. As De La Mare notes, this "prince and prototype of all castaways" was "not so happy, he said, as when he hadn't a farthing." Selkirk enjoyed considerable notoriety after his return to England in October of 1711. He was interviewed by Richard Steele, was made the subject of a paper in *The Englishman*, and had several narratives of his life written, as well as four published accounts of his adventures. In De La Mare's words, Steele, who saw Selkirk quite often,

> believed that even if he had been ignorant of Selkirk's story, he would still have detected the ravages of solitude in his "aspect and gesture." He "showed a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought."
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> After a few months' absence Steele met him again "in the street, and though he spoke to me I could not recall that I had seen him. Familiar discourse . . . had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face."

It was after this that Selkirk made his way home and constructed the cave which De La Mare oddly glides over (I say oddly because it was one of the charms of the late poet that he could seize on an item like this and expatiate on it at great and pleasant length). The cave could not contain Selkirk either, however. This "unsociable" man emerged to fish and to wander around: it was thus that he met a girl named Sophia Bruce, whom he found tending a cow. They eloped to London, but when it was all over, Sophia was left alone and Selkirk

continued on his lonely way. He drifted back to Largo, got into another scrape there which sent him packing, and after knocking around Bristol and Liverpool, he went to sea once again. All too fittingly, he died at sea in 1723. "He is said," De La Mare adds, "to have bequeathed his effects to 'sundry loving females'—including two who claimed to be his widows. But of this episode Defoe made no practical use." In 1885 his brooding statue went up on his front lawn. Had I known about the cave when I stared at the statue of Mr. Selkirk, I would certainly have gone around back and tried to discover if any vestiges of it remained, these hundreds of years later.

Now what strikes one immediately is that this man, who had himself put ashore on a desolate island in a moment of anger, who hid in a cave in another moment of anger, who estranged himself from his family and was kicked out of town in another moment of anger, was if not psychotic certainly what we would nowadays term a seriously disturbed personality. Tempting as it may be to analyze the components of the disturbance, I must resolutely disclaim either the skill or the desire to undertake such an analysis. I am content to point out that the disturbance existed, and would rather have you return with me to the period of Selkirk's fame, when journalists chased him for his story much as journalists of the 1950's chased the skipper of the *Flying Enterprise*, Captain Carlsen, who refused to abandon ship after it cracked in a hurricane, but remained aboard alone in a vain effort to save it. One of those journalists was an aging Cockney hack named Daniel Defoe.

Scholars are apparently still arguing as to whether Selkirk and Defoe actually met. Thomas Wright says categorically that Defoe "made a journey from London to Bristol apparently for the express purpose of seeing" Selkirk at the house of a Mrs. Damaris Daniel, and that Selkirk "placed in Defoe's hands all his papers." On the other hand, back in 1916 William P. Trent was arguing in his *Daniel Defoe* (an intelligent and enlightening book, but so steeped in the dying genteel tradition that its author could not bring himself to reproduce the full subtitle of *Moll Flanders*, much less to quote from it or to recommend it to general readers) that "the makers of myths have not hesitated to affirm that Defoe made use of the papers of the returned sailor—who has not been shown to have had any—and cheated him into the bargain. A meeting with Selkirk has also been

affirmed by some, and the house where the supposed conference took place has been pointed out in Bristol."

Well, whatever the truth as to the possible encounter, we do know that Defoe was thoroughly up on the adventures of the Scottish sailor, that he was a careful researcher, and that in many, many of its details *Robinson Crusoe* does parallel Selkirk's story. I would prefer to think that they met, if only because I enjoy imagining the confrontation, in the comfortable home of the lady with the elegant name, of the dour adventurer and the dapper, elderly word-slinger; but I must admit that it really doesn't matter. What counts is that this profile-writer, who was in journalism for money as he had been in half a dozen other enterprises to support his wife and six children, from hosiery to jobbing to spying to editing, worked up yet another in his incredible series of true-life romances, with no other purpose than to pick up some quick cash, and that from his re-imagined version of the travail of the neurotic castaway came one of the great pure classical tales of all time.

We might pause for just a moment here to glance at Defoe's own life in order to sharpen our perspective on the man who became a great novelist almost in spite of himself, and who won immortality by transforming an abnormal episode into a saga of man's conquest of nature. I think the use he made of Selkirk's adventure, or rather his transformation of it, will be somewhat clearer if we locate Defoe and see him as he was when he emerged into the great creative outburst of his sixties.

Defoe's Presbyterian parents trained him for the ministry, and although as a young man he decided that he was not fitted for it, he received a comparatively good education. Apparently he got a good grounding in science too, and he says of his Colonel Jack at the age of fourteen: "I loved to talk with seamen and soldiers. . . . I never forgot anything they told me . . . young as I was, I was a kind of an historian; and though I had read no books, and never had any books to read, yet I could give a tolerable account of what had been done, and of what was then a-doing in the world. . . ."

He became a commission merchant, lived in Spain for a time, married (not happily, it is important to note), wrote poor poetry on the side, and by 1692 had failed in business to the extent of about a quarter of a million dollars. Thereafter he was never really out of financial trouble. He got off by making a deal with his creditors; he

went into the brick and tile business, became a prolific journalist and pamphleteer, and started to mix in politics. He found—and so did his readers—that he had the ability to write about current issues in a style that was direct, simple, and clear. But with the death of his patron, King William, and the accession of Queen Anne in 1702, Defoe, although an enormously popular Dissenter, became a hunted man. In 1703 he was arrested, thrown in jail, tried, and sentenced to pay a fine, to stand three times in the pillory, to be indefinitely imprisoned, and thereafter to be paroled. The extraordinary thing about this ugly episode, aside from the public humiliation of a man who had already earned certain claims to distinction, was that Defoe himself managed to turn it to good account: the mob treated him as a hero; instead of being mocked and jeered in the pillory, he was cheered and feted in the midst of his exposure, and his *Hymn to the Pillory* was very well received indeed.

Thereafter Defoe devoted himself more and more to political journalism. The politest word that can be found for much of his life and work in these middle years is that both were unsavory. He sold his skills to the highest bidder, spied for those in favor and sneered at those out of favor, and year after year churned out economic essays, unsuccessful poetry, humorous tidbits and political correspondence, feverishly accumulating dowries for his marriageable daughters. The act of writing, apparently of writing *anything* as long as there was money in it, became as ingrained and habitual with him as it has ever been with any hack. Not infrequently he wrote semi-fictional biographical puffs for quacks or odd birds, and he seemed to delight in working up quasi-factual accounts of the lives of unusual characters.

Such was the man who, at the age of sixty, sat down to knock out a lively account of the adventures of a castaway, and who, in the incredible five years that followed, unburdened himself of the three parts of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Duncan Campbell*, *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, *Captain Singleton*, *Moll Flanders*, *A Journal of the Plague Year*, *Colonel Jack*, *Roxanna*, and *A New Voyage Round the World*. No wonder that Trent comments, "It becomes still more astonishing when we are reminded that during these years Defoe's bibliography must be credited with at least six other volumes . . . that his journalistic labors . . . remained considerable . . . that he wrote at least a score of pamphlets . . . and finally that it seems highly probable that he spent

several of his summers taking horseback journeys in order to secure materials for his interesting and valuable *Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain. . . .*"

If we think of Daniel Defoe as a typical Englishman, a typical Londoner, perhaps a typical Cockney (he was even born within hearing of Bow Bells), and of his tale of a man on an island as a typical English novel, with its emphasis on factuality, fortitude, and optimistic common sense, we find that we are cheered on by English critics of all persuasions, from Sam Johnson to Virginia Woolf to V. S. Pritchett (let us except Macaulay, who said coldly of Defoe: "Altogether I don't like him"). Indeed, it is precisely those writers who one might think would harbor reservations about Defoe's genius who are most fervent in their adulation, who support most fervidly Daudet's estimation of Defoe as England's national author and Robinson Crusoe as "the typical Englishman par excellence, with his adventuresomeness, his taste for travel, his love of the sea, his piety, his commercial and practical instincts," and so on and so on. Thus Virginia Woolf writes of Defoe that "He belongs, indeed, to the school of the great plain writers, whose work is founded upon a knowledge of what is most persistent, though not most seductive, in human nature. . . ."

But it is Walter De La Mare who phrases most precisely this English pride in Defoe's normality, his rationality, his lack of neurotic undertones. Speaking of *Robinson Crusoe*, he says shrewdly,

> It is not so much in spite of its limitations as to a large extent because of them that it remains one of the most famous books in the world. It taxes no ordinary intelligence. There is nothing delicate, abstruse, subtle to master. It can be opened and read with ease and delight at any moment, and anywhere. Its thought is little but an emanation of Crusoe's seven senses and of his five wits. Its sentiments are universal.

I have no intention of calling these verdicts into question. There is no point in forcing a reading of *Robinson Crusoe* which would see it as something other. But I keep harking back to that odd Scotch sailor who hid himself in a cave, and I cannot but suspect that one of the greatest of Defoe's achievements is one which has hardly been touched on by all his admirers in the last few centuries. It is De La Mare, once again, who comes closest to it, and so I must quote him once again:

> . . . if Defoe had really faced, as he might have tried to face, the problem set in *Crusoe* his solution could not have been in that book's precise terms. All praise and thanks that it is what it is, a triumph in its kind; and yet one may pine for what, given a more creative imagination and a different Crusoe, the book might have been if the attempt had been made to reveal what a prolonged unbroken solitude, an absolute exile from his fellow-creatures, and an incessant commerce with silence and the unknown, would mean at last to the spirit of man. A steadily debasing brutish stupidity? Hallucinations, extravagances, insanities, enravishment, strange guests?
>
> Selkirk after but four years' silence was scarcely articulate. Crusoe after his eight and twenty years, addresses the three strangers who he finds trussed-up on the beach with the urbanity of a prince, the courtesy of an Oriental, and in faultless Spanish. . . .

Well, this touches more closely on what seems to me at any rate one of the most intriguing facets of both *Robinson Crusoe* and its author: his ability to *normalize* the *abnormal*, to write of extreme experience in terms of sensible human reaction to it, to describe the lives of extraordinary people in ordinary language and in readily comprehensible but not patronizing terminology. Parenthetically, those who are curious as De La Mare was curious as to how a different Crusoe might have reacted, might consult an eighteenth century narrative in the form of a journal kept by a sailor who had been put on the Island of Ascension in May, 1725, by the commodore and captains of the Dutch fleet "for a most enormous crime." The castaway, who lasted apparently until mid-September, left his incomplete journal lying beside his skeleton, where both were found later by Captain Mawson of the *Compton*. He describes in most affecting and horrible detail his inability to catch the island goats which both Selkirk and Crusoe had captured and killed, and his being forced to drink turtle blood mixed with his own urine. It is to be found in Charles Neider's anthology, *Man Against Nature*, and is worth examining as one instance of the sufferings of a man on an island who was not blessed with the good fortune, skill, and ingenuity of Crusoe.

To return to our theme. What strikes me as extraordinary is Defoe's instinctive ability to take the gruesome self-immolation of an anti-social drifter and convert it into the intriguing and *uplifting* tale of a healthy-minded, practical fellow. Indeed, the very opening chapters inform us of Defoe's intention: instead of demanding to be put ashore on the desolate isle in a fit of rage, as had Selkirk, Crusoe is

shipwrecked—and thus at the outset absolved of any direct responsibility for his plight. Isn't this almost the exact opposite of the working method of many modern poets and novelists, who start with the seemingly normal, the deceptively ordinary, and proceed to reveal to our horrified but fascinated gaze (and to the disgust, let it be added, of those trained to appreciate an older, more "positive" kind of writing) that what lies behind the smiling facade is a cesspool, a jungle or a desert strewn with bleached bones? When we give our children *Robinson Crusoe* for their birthdays we are tacitly concurring with Defoe's estimate of himself as a moralizer and purveyor of unexceptionable sentiments, based on splendidly factual narratives—which we now see have been culled from sources as neurotic as the moralities and sentiments of any modern novel.

"The reappearance of Selkirk into the civilized world," De La Mare comments, "was certainly for Defoe a stroke of luck, but then, Selkirk, for full seven years before Defoe made use of him, had been 'a common prey to the birds of literature.' It was sheer ability that not only recognized the literary value of this nugget, but prevented Defoe from being too clever in his tale—though clever in all conscience he could be."

This is so, but it remains to point out that Defoe's seizing upon Selkirk's tale was hardly unique in his literary life, either in the character of the tale itself, or in the use he made of it. Defoe seems to have long been fascinated with those who were cut off from the world either through force of circumstance, by a quirk of nature, or from their own wilfulness. In the midst of one of his most prolific journalistic periods, he was, it is important to bear in mind (the description is Trent's),

> a shunned bankrupt and turncoat, living in chambers in London or with his wife and children in a large house in Newington, seeing little or nothing of the gay society of the epoch, not even acquainted with the fellow men of letters who with himself give the age its chief luster, but, none the less, in no sense a recluse, rather the keenest observer of his day, the most intelligent, alert, and well paid of the prime minister's secret agents and the most accomplished journalist England had produced—perhaps the most remarkable the world has ever seen.

This is the man who in 1719 published a pamphlet entitled *Dumb Philosopher; or, Great-Britain's Wonder*, subtitled "Surprizing Ac-

count how Dickory Cronke, a Tinner's Son in the County of Cornwal, was born Dumb, and continued so for 58 years; and how some Days before he died, he came to his Speech."

This is the man who, maintaining his special interest in the plight of those cut off because they were deaf and dumb, became rather dismally embroiled with his beloved daughter Sophia's suitor Henry Baker, a specialist in the training of those so afflicted; and who, in April 1720, brought out *The History of the Life and Surprising Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell*, subtitled, "A Gentleman, who though born Deaf and Dumb, writes down any Stranger's Name at First Sight; and their Future Contingencies of Fortune. . . ."

This is the man who in 1726 brought out *Mere Nature Delineated*, about a boy who had been found running wild in a German forest and had been brought to London for medical examination. It is interesting to observe how Defoe describes this Peter the Wild Boy:

> . . . they tell us, he was found wild, naked, dumb; known to, and knowing nobody. That he lived a vegetative life, fed on grass, moss, leaves of trees, and the like; that he acted below brutal life, hardly a sensitive, and not at all a rational.
>
> They hardly allow, that he walked or stepped erect, but rather creeping on hands and knees, climbing trees like a cat, sitting on the boughs like a monkey, and the like; tho' in that part we must not carry our fancy beyond the fact, because we see him at present standing upright, as the soul-informed part of mankind do. . . .

This is the man, then, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*. It is true that my listing of and quotation from his works has been highly selective. But for one thing, others of his works can be interpreted as paralleling, so to speak, those remarked above; for example, it is hardly stretching the story line of a masterpiece like *Moll Flanders* to see it as Mark Schorer does: "Like *Robinson Crusoe*, this is a desperate story of survival, a story that tries to demonstrate the possibility of success through unremitting native wit." For another, I have wished not to exhaustively analyze Daniel Defoe, but only to indicate that certain personalities and themes fascinated him if not obsessively, at least recurrently, and that this may have been because these people and these notions echoed certain tormenting problems in his own personal life—the problems of the man alone. It is true that Defoe was a busybody, a progressive-minded money-maker, and in many ways a representative man of his

time; but it is also true that he was unhappily married, that he was deprived of many of the stimulations he sorely needed, and that he died wretchedly, an old man hiding out from his creditors and abandoned by his ungrateful children.

The theme of *Robinson Crusoe* parallels, in its duality, the life of its author (which is why, I feel, Defoe seized with such sure instinct on the handy facts of the Selkirk experience). Crusoe on the one hand in the classic posture of human extremity: loneliness; on the other, an unsentimental, hardheaded chap learning to make do with what he salvages from the wreck of the ship and manages to acquire on the island. So Defoe was, as we have seen, at times ostracized and cut off from the best society of his time; and yet, as the judicious biographer James Sutherland observes, he "enjoyed the mere variety of human life, the bustle of active people, the shopkeeper scratching his head with his pen, the fine lady cheapening a piece of silk, the beggar limping by on his crutches, the stir and commotion of market-day in a small town, the forest of shipping on the river at Gravesend." It is no wonder that his readers were "the small shopkeepers and artisans, the publicans, the footmen and servant wenches, the soldiers and sailors, those who could read but who had neither the time nor the inclination to read very much."

The most recent biographer of Defoe, Brian Fitzgerald, writing from what is apparently a Marxist orientation, puts it this way:

> He could compensate himself for all the failures of his life—for his bankruptcy, for the degradation of his imprisonment, and the claustrophobic fear of confinement that haunted him ever afterwards—by becoming the captain of his soul and the master of his fate on an imaginary uninhabited island in the North Atlantic. He could compensate himself for the humiliations he had suffered in public life by doing the actions of government he had never been able to perform in reality, by showing his capacity for ruling and directing and colonizing. No longer need he concern himself with the remote and more abstract problems of human society; he could, through the power of his imagination, become the monarch of all he surveyed. . . .

Whatever our reservations about the manner of Mr. Fitzgerald's expression, we must grant that this does make sense, as does his description of *Robinson Crusoe* as "the great allegory of the capitalist system. Crusoe," he says,

> who was Defoe projected, was the supreme affirmation of the individual. Like the lively, enterprising merchants and tradesmen, the middle class, the

> bourgeoisie, then in the full flush of revolutionary triumph, Robinson Crusoe renounces the past and prepares to make his own history. . . . Crusoe triumphed—as did the bourgeois capitalist—by his faith in himself, his naive optimism, which enabled him to overcome both his own folly in risking his fortune and the cruelty and the savage hostility of his fellow-men, and to found his ideal colony beyond the seas. He was the empire-builder, the man who challenged nature and won; his reward was calculated down to the last threepence, and it was well earned. But *Robinson Crusoe* is not only a paean in praise of capitalism. It, too, has revolutionary implications. Crusoe (as Professor Kettle has reminded us) sets off on his life of adventure and uncertainty *against* the advice of his middle-class father; and if in one sense his story is one in praise of the bourgeois virtues of individualism and private enterprise, in another—and more important—sense it celebrates the necessity of social living and the struggle of mankind through work to master nature. . . .

This fits in rather comfortably with Sutherland's assertion that "if Defoe's public was drawn chiefly from the middle and lower classes, that public had got an epic entirely after its own heart, with a hero it could understand and admire because he was taken from its own ranks. Crusoe may be all Mankind in difficulties, but he is first of all an Englishman of the lower middle classes making the best of things." His story is told in "the prose of democracy, a prose which in modern England with its inhibitions and its class consciousness has almost been parsed out of existence."

It may be objected that all this accounts, if it does that, for Crusoe's popularity in his own day, but not necessarily thereafter—the easiest kind of post facto analysis. It may be objected that it borders on the obvious to assert that Daniel Defoe, like so many other creative minds throughout the ages, was piqued (if not tormented) by the problems of loneliness and isolation, but that he turned them to account for the cash customers of his day by presenting them as healthy problems, as susceptible of solution as the problems of trade or empire. The real question, it may be argued, is why *Robinson Crusoe* has persisted in its popularity in the several hundred years since its first printing, down through a time when interest would seem more likely to center not on what this ingenious islander does with his goats and his salvaged tools, but rather on his dreams and nightmares, on what he substitutes for female companionship for more than twenty-eight years, and on the symbolic richness of his punishment and redemption.

I have no answers to this question beyond those which have already been given by time and by scholars and critics whose equipment I, as a common reader, obviously lack. Before the beginning of the twentieth century, we know, there had already appeared at least seven hundred editions, translations, and imitations of the story. In our time their number has multiplied, perhaps beyond counting. In the eighteenth century, Sheridan wrote a popular pantomime, with David Garrick playing Crusoe; in the nineteenth, Offenbach composed the music for an opera based on the adventures of our hero; in the twentieth, Luis Bunuel, the gifted Spanish surrealist movie-maker, was intrigued enough with *Robinson Crusoe*—despite the fact that he claims not to have liked the book—to make from it a thoroughly absorbing movie, one which has moments of incandesence, with Daniel O'Herlihy as a perfectly right Crusoe. In the eighteenth century *Crusoe* was used as the basis for lectures in classical political economy; in the twentieth, as we have seen, as ideal fuel for Marxian analysis.

But now, in our own day, something does seem to be happening. The book which Maxim Gorky characterized apothegmatically as "The Bible of the Unconquerable" is being turned over to the kiddies. It is not being shared with them, like *Alice in Wonderland* or even *Huckleberry Finn*; in an age in which hillbillies gape at the Sadlers Wells Ballet on their barroom screens and intellectuals leaf desperately through their expensive paperbacks in search of entertainment which will not be entertaining, *Robinson Crusoe* does not seem to be often read by those past the age of confirmation (even Bunuel's intriguing and sensitive film is recommended for the impressionable young alone).

The reader who has been patient this long may now begin to suspect, with reason, that what I have been attempting to do is to push *Robinson Crusoe* for the adult trade. (Children have as yet no need to be so instructed—although even *that* audience is becoming so violently sophisticated that one may tremble for its future capacity to be enthralled by the doings of a single man, neither bubble-headed nor space-gunned, who teaches a parrot to talk and learns by trial and error how to bake bread and fire pottery.) To be sure, there are many ways of awakening, or re-awakening, reader interest in a classic work. We may rhapsodize over the plot, or story development, but only, it seems to me, if we can be reasonably certain—as in the case of a

Portuguese or Tibetan classic—that it has remained generally unknown. We may linger admiringly over the author's periods and cherish the subtleties of his rhythmic ebbs and flows, but not, it seems to me, when the author wields the serviceable but uninspiring "prose of democracy." We may fall in with the current fad of playing locksmith, fumbling among the unwieldy bunch of keys that constitute our critical armory for the one that will magically unlock the work and reveal the symbolism presumably hidden within—but Thomas Wright, who maintained stoutly for years (basing himself on an offhand remark of Defoe's) that *Robinson Crusoe* was a deliberate allegory, a direct reflection of Defoe's own life, and that Defoe for nearly twenty-nine years had led a life of silence, was at length forced to admit that he had been the victim of his own theorizing; and I have no desire to lay the foundations for such a future admission.

We may finally—which is what I have attempted—look to see if, how, in what way, the passions and problems of the author have paralleled ours so many years later. If we then find Defoe to be contemporary—not in manner necessarily, nor even in outlook, but in *preoccupation*—then surely he merits pride of place alongside those in our time who have been preoccupied too with loneliness and isolation but who, much more torn than he with the agony of doubt, have hesitated to address themselves to the Unconquerable and so have become the tribunes of the Unsure.

Here, however, we enter other realms. I would not contest the obvious truth that *Robinson Crusoe* has been read over the years not primarily because of what it says, or omits, about loneliness, but because it appeals to the busy child in us all, because it is a practical and entertaining manual in the domestication of nature, and because it is a painless and un-frightening guide to the exotic. To the extent that it continues to be read, it can be seen as still providing the same kind of refreshment to the same kind of people. But I have been addressing myself in these lines I suppose to the Unsure, to those who increasingly attempt to distinguish themselves from the masses (among other ways) by ignoring escapist literature, even classical escapist literature, in favor of those books which do grapple with the problems of loneliness.

In the emerging mass society, the *angst* of the solitary intellectual is now being experienced, if confusedly, by ever-lengthening lines of

bumper-to-bumper megalopolitans trained to dread nothing more fiercely than loneliness. Will *Robinson Crusoe*, with its cheery accent on the positive, still find acceptance among either the hyper-sophisticated or the great ordinary anonymous mass who have been its cherishers, as they have been the cherishers—at least until the coming of the mass society—of most great writings throughout the ages? One can only guess. It is entirely possible, for example, that it may be on the verge of yet a new wave of popularity for just these reasons, that now it will be read not as an epic of man's indomitability, but as a nostalgic revery of those old days when it was possible to conceive of the vanquishing of loneliness and the disappearance of doubts, when it was possible to conceive that by conquering nature you had conquered all.

"He who wants to escape the world translates it," said Michaux. If by his translation he conquers, if only for an hour, "the last unknown and insular retreat," has he not earned all over again the honor of our rapt attention, as well as that of our invincible offspring?

Lament for Unbought Grace: The Novels of John P. Marquand

By FRANZ M. OPPENHEIMER

A WHILE AGO the editors of *Life* complained that contemporary American novels read as if they had been written by an unemployed homosexual living in a packing-box shanty. Like all current literary critics *Life* ignored the novels of J. P. Marquand whose world rarely touches the queer and pathological fringes of American life. Yet, perhaps the editors of *Life* were right in refusing to find solace in Marquand, for Marquand's novels reflect an increasingly pessimistic view of American civilization despite their entertaining surface ease and polish which have made all of them best sellers.

In the first paragraph of *Sincerely, Willis Wayde*, Marquand's latest novel, we are told that in life everyone possesses some solid starting point which in engineering language is called a base of reference. Concern for a solid starting point is characteristic of Marquand, and the reviewers of his books invariably overlook much of significance precisely because they do not share that concern. Marquand must be read against a base of reference, a base which he established in *The Late George Apley*.

This novel was published in 1937, and immediately won wide acclaim as a satire on the life of proper Bostonians. It describes the life of a Boston gentleman from his birth in 1866 to his death in 1933 in the form of a memoir supposedly assembled by a Boston man of letters and a friend of the late George Apley. Without a doubt many aspects of that life are seen in a satirical light, and the "man of letters" is

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drawn so as to reveal himself as a ridiculous stuffed shirt in the stilted and awkward prose with which he connects the letters and other documents depicting Apley's life. And, like all men, Apley himself is shown to have been ridiculous at times. Yet much that looked ridiculous to reviewers in 1937 looks less so today. Apley's qualities and values, and the fabric of his life, seen through Marquand's eyes, have the glow of legends of a golden age, and it is possible that Marquand intended them to be just that. *His subsequent novels can be read as projections of alternative ways of life, alternatives to be examined, analyzed and found wanting from the vantage point of the Apley legend.*

The late George Apley is seen as moving within three concentric orbits, family, social class and locality, with which his being is intertwined and which, at times, appear to be simple extensions of his personality. To reviewers in the '30's, all more or less affected by dialectical materialism, family and locality were at best irrelevancies, and social class a subject of social pathology. The importance of those three orbits to Apley was therefore thought laughable in the same way a foreign language is laughable to a provincial. But Marquand was out of tune with the '30's, and had already shown in his first serious novel *Haven's End* that family, class and locality were at the center of his universe. *Haven's End* is a piece of romantic costume fiction about the history of two families in a New England port town, one of them a family of stereotyped aristocrats, proud, principled, handsome and daring, generation after generation; and the other, coarse, sweaty and materialistic, with equal regularity. The Swales "could never gain that common touch, which the Scarlets could not lose." Marie Antoinette could not have quarreled with such a view of family station and heredity. In *Apley* this view is freed of the encumbrances of costume fiction, but not altered in essentials.

Apley's pride of family is realistic; he recognized that, unlike the fictional Swales, "we all came from yeoman stock, small English shopkeepers and farmers." "But," he tells his children, "do not forget that these ancestors of yours had their beliefs and convictions" and "there'll be a day, perhaps, when you may wish to be identified with a family." And later in the same memorandum to his children he recalls his Aunt Jane's remark, "You will never know how very close we come to being nobility. In a sense, indeed, we are nobility"; and Aunt Amelia's "When I am depressed I remember I am an Apley." He does

not quote them uncritically: "her remark was poorly phrased, so that it was silly," yet "the fact remains that it is worth while for anyone to have behind him a few generations of honest, hardworking ancestry."

This emphasis on yeoman stock and "hardworking" ancestry may have been an attempt to fit pride of ancestry into a democratic ideology. But consciousness of ancestry must almost inevitably combine with consciousness of social class, and Apley never apologizes for it. At worst, his class consciousness is a rather naive snobbishness, shown, for instance, in a rebuke to his son for having invited a friend to the house: "I have nothing against Royall personally, but the fact remains that no one has ever heard of him. Not only was he not in the Club at Harvard, but I cannot find that he was in any other club." At best, his class consciousness is a credo of noblesse oblige: "There must be certain standards . . . there must be certain formulae in art and thought and manners. There must be a class which sets a tone, not for its own pleasure, but because of the responsibility which it owes to others."

Finally, family and class both exist in a definite place, in Boston. We tend to forget in thinking about the present to what extent identification with a town, a city, or a region was once a universal part of self-identification. For Washington and Jefferson, Virginia was part of their concept of self, for Lincoln, Illinois, for Goethe, Frankfurt, for Samuel Johnson, Lichfield. Yet nothing has given Apley the reputation of pure satire as much as his intense involvement with Boston. Wherever he went, he felt surrounded by Boston, like "a raisin in a slice of pie." He tells his son that we cannot escape the environment in which we are born, "because it is a part of you and me." To George Apley his son's moving to New York was incomprehensible. "It would have been, I think, a fuller and a happier life where your traditions lie than it will ever be elsewhere," he writes him.

There is nothing new in noting Apley's involvement with family, background, tradition, and Boston, and recapitulating its elements does not prove that Marquand wanted to do more than to make us smile. That proof lies in the qualities of character and in the surprising satisfactions of a way of life which Marquand describes as the product of Apley's involvement.

What, according to Marquand, are the fruits of Apley's "essential, undeviating discipline of background"? They are, first, integrity and moral courage. Apley is David Riesman's "inner-directed man" kept

on his course by a gyroscope rather than by radar adjustment to the opinions of others. Apley threw himself into the prosecution of a small-gauge politician for a blackmail racket, a kind of combat for which he was singularly ill-prepared, without heeding the consequences and against the advice of his friends and son. That this affair also revealed his naiveté—the very blackmail racket of entrapping men with a prostitute in a hotel room was practiced on him—does not detract from his moral courage. He is willing to flout prohibition: "anything that can be done, even at the expense of possible arrest and disgrace which may demonstrate a citizen's disapproval of a law which flouts the rights of the individual, is something in which your father will gladly cooperate."

It may be countered that in combatting a petty racket and prohibition, Apley moved within the protective cocoon of group approval. It is therefore more significant that he did not hesitate to risk the personal enmity of friends and relations in defense of his principles. Upon his own marriage, Apley was told by his uncle that marriage is "a damnably serious business, particularly around Boston," and it was part of his belief in family that divorce was inconceivable. When a cousin attempted to leave his wife for another woman, Apley used economic coercion to prevent it, at the predictable cost of losing the affection of a relative and lifelong friend. He braved a wider and more serious compass of hostility when he stood "against his own kind" in defense of his concept of clubmanship, a defense which in today's perspective of "company openings" in clubs, and tax deductible club dues, shows the Apley code at its most obsolete. The code did not permit the cultivation of personal social relations for ulterior business motives; and when two gentlemen of awesome business standing proposed for membership in Apley's club a business connection of theirs to whom they were beholden, Apley rose in dismay to prevent this profanation. "I wish to make it clear," he wrote to the Committee on Admissions, "that it is not because of Ransome personally that I move to oppose him. Rather, I move to oppose the motive which actuates Messrs. Moore and Fields in putting this man up for membership. They are not doing so because of family connections, nor because of disinterested friendship, but rather because of business reasons." We are told that the repercussions of this letter lasted until the day of Apley's death.

"Disinterested friendship" was more than a phrase for Apley; its

existence was taken for granted and was part of his way of life. Friendship was something you were born into, almost like family. Apley's friends were childhood friends, with whom he had spent long summers at Milton, long winters in Mr. Hobson's school, and the "shortest, gladdest" years of his life at Harvard. His loyalty to them was uncompromising, outlasting such vicissitudes as a friend's lurid affair with a dancing girl and his "disappearance" to Chicago. He had, we are told again and again, a "genius" and a "peculiar gift" for friendship; and communication with friends in letters and conversations gave him a creative instrument for self-examination, contemplation and the mastery of doubt and depression unavailable to the many friendless found in Marquand's later books.

Out of this continuity of family and friendship comes a most precious quality of life, "an unbought grace" in Burke's phrase, emphasized repeatedly by Marquand, yet overlooked by all who saw Apley as nothing but an ironic portrait of stuffiness and repression. That quality is the Christian virtue of spontaneous gaiety. "Their own long friendships with each other, dating also from childhood, enabled them to unbend at times and to be almost children again." There was an undertone of "carefree merriment and friendliness" remembered from childhood; the Cambridge of college was "a gay place," and later there was "good, free, unconfined merriment" at the Berkley Club, the "spontaneity" and "carefree gaiety" of summers on Pequod Island, before wives and sisters took over, and of the camping trips thereafter.

With this gaiety and spontaneity went wine on the table, books on the shelves and a growth of the mind in tolerance and flexibility, remarkable in a Victorian of no exceptional intelligence. At sixty-three George Apley reads Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*. He does not like it, but admits that the author has a certain startling and crude power, and he is the only member of the Beacon Street Circulating Library Committee who wants the book in the recommended list. He reads *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and finds it a work of art. And he refuses to view the young generation with alarm, despite jazz, cutting in on the dance floor and necking. "In a great many ways," he writes his son, "I envy these children their freedom . . . perhaps they will all be better wives and husbands for it." Thus *The Late George Apley* ends on a note of optimism for the next generation, a note not borne out by Marquand's subsequent description of it.

Marquand devoted his two next novels to an examination of facets of the Apleyan tradition, in the New England of his own generation. With the present tense he cannot maintain the detachment created by the interposition of a fictional narrator that is so conducive to the portrayal of a golden age, and his use of the first person singular is indicative of immediate personal involvement.

The second of these two novels in point of time, *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, published in 1941, is almost a straight sequel to *The Late George Apley*. Its hero, H. M. Pulham, was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1892, at about the time George Apley's first son John was born. John Apley went to Groton, H. M. Pulham to a fictional Groton called St. Swithin's; they both, of course, go to Harvard, make "the Club" there; go to live in New York for a while after the first World War to the consternation of their families, and finally return to Boston, physically and spiritually. Because of this close parallelism the few differences between them are significant, even more important than the differences between Pulham and George Apley which could be explained merely as differences between generations. John Apley's lineage was impeccably Bostonian as befits the golden age; by contrast it was something of a shock for Pulham to learn as a small boy that his father came from Methuen and his mother from Hingham. It is almost as if Marquand wished to prepare us early in the book for the weaknesses of his hero by the revelation of a blemish in lineage.

For all in all *Pulham* is a novel about a weak man. Like *Apley* it is a life history, though this time ending with the hero's twenty-fifth college class reunion. The task of writing his life for the anniversary makes Pulham reflect upon the past and introduces us to Marquand's characteristic method of narration by flashback. Despite his parents' blemish, childhood was secure, with a beautiful and sweet Victorian mother, Sunday dinners of roast beef and yorkshire pudding, Katreen the parlor maid, Hugh the butler, Nancy the upstairs maid, Fräulein, and long summers in an old country place. But though secure, the basic mood of childhood lacks the note of gaiety we found in Apley. After St. Swithin's and Harvard, three critical problems of his life come into focus, all of which were latent but never held up for examination in Apley's life. They are a love affair with someone of a different social class, life in New York, and marriage.

In college George Apley had a short love affair with an Irish girl from South Boston; it was squelched, we are not exactly told how, by his father, and after a trip to Europe the sweet wild rose is no longer heard of until a much later chance meeting that moved but did not unsettle Apley. We are left with the impression that the college episode was a superficial infatuation without much meaning.

For Pulham love comes as part of a new and dazzling environment. He has come back from the war, and goes to work for an advertising agency in New York. There he meets Marvin Myles, born and brought up in a small city in Illinois the name of which Pulham cannot recall. She comes for a visit to Boston, the occasion for a masterly description of the intangible undercurrent frictions caused by social differences. "I don't know why I was continually afraid that she might say the wrong thing, because she never did," he recalls. But though Marvin passed that test, she was made miserable by it; and when Pulham decides, after his father's death, that he must return to Boston, Marvin refuses to marry him. Forced to choose between love and Boston, Pulham chooses Boston. "I have to live where I belong."

It is possible to mock that decision, but Marquand's design is probably more complex. He has made us laugh at Boston, it is true, but the alternative he has opened for Pulham, the New York advertising milieu, is drawn as something worse than a laughing matter. It is all tawdriness; from the hypocrisy of the initial assurance that all are working on one "great big team," to the insecurity revealed by a right hand man's sudden fall, and the girl in the bedroom who "isn't anything" but relaxing and popular with the customers from Detroit. Marquand is far more in sympathy with the way business is done in the Boston brokerage house, where Pulham returns and where "it was pleasant to see how much everyone really liked everyone else." It is no small matter, either in our experience or in the light of Marquand's later books, that the brokerage house and eventually, after the Depression, an investment counseling firm of his own gave Pulham a way of making a living in Boston that did not clash with human dignity.

But in his marriage and his friendships, Pulham fails to achieve Apley's harmony. His wife, Kay, is of his world; he has known her all his life. She is attractive; but almost too aggressively wholesome: a big girl in field hockey at school, doing the crawl very well, with a

good backhand, always knowing when it was time to trim the jib, and when the dogs ought to have another run. The description of their courtship is Marquand at his best; there is nothing hackneyed in his description of the slow growth of familiarity into love and its crystalization on a sailboat off Northeast Harbor. "Neither of us had to make any effort." Only effortlessness is dangerously close to boredom. Pulham can never completely outgrow his exotic first love in the metropolis; and Kay falls under the equivalent spell of Pulham's best friend, Bill King, who had not made "the Club" at Harvard, but had made good in New York advertising, and is, it goes almost without saying, a divorced man. Even at Harry Pulham's and Kay's wedding, Kay's and Bill's attraction for each other inject a disturbing undertone; Kay's hands, just before the wedding, were cold when Bill unexpectedly kissed her, and after the wedding Bill gets very drunk. Somehow it is always Bill who manages to see Kay as a woman, and who can make her look very pretty and untired. They have an affair almost under Pulham's very eyes, his code preventing him from noticing the obvious. At the class reunion Pulham sees Marvin Myles again; they weep but know they can't go back; and Kay says the same to Bill: "We can't go back." The conviction Pulham and Kay reach that their marriage represents the overriding value is a constructive solution of their tensions. But the solution thus achieved after a crisis is no longer the Apleyan harmony beyond the reach of crisis. A friendship has been left behind; and the contemporary theme of isolation, of the lonely crowd, is exposed at the end of the novel when Kay says to Pulham: "We're all alone. There's only you and me." Apley's three orbits no longer shelter even a Bostonian gentleman.

While *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, is a sequel to *The Late George Apley*, demonstrating that the Apleyan milieu, though superior to the alternatives, has lost its automatic vitality in the present, *Wickford Point*, published in 1939, demonstrates that New England pride of family and social self-sufficiency can, and perhaps must, degenerate into sterility. In many ways *Wickford Point* is Marquand's best novel. It is the only one in which he is more than the observer, analyst and commentator; instead of Sinclair Lewis he recalls Dickens and Proust by creating a world with a lyricism, a color and a warmth of its own. Only in one other novel, *Point of No Return*, do we find individuals like those in *Wickford Point*—unique and colorful, transcending any

type or class. Perhaps the novel's vividness and intensity of atmosphere is due to its autobiographical nature; it is the only one in which the narrator, Jim Calder, one of the main characters, is, like Marquand, a writer of magazine fiction. Jim Calder is a cousin of the Brills, who spend their summers in an old New England farm house on Wickford Point, on the Wickford River. The Brills had always gone to Harvard; a great-aunt had milked cows in the socialistic experiment at Brook Farm; a great-grandfather had written a volume of reflections on his travels through Europe; and their grandfather had been the poet known as "the Wickford Sage." The book is about Jim Calder's involvement with the Brills. He can judge them lucidly: the sterility of their ancestor worship—"sometimes it seemed to me that I knew as much about the dead as the living"; the inability of Cousin Clothilde's two sons to hold a job for any length of time; the dubiousness of their claim to intellectual superiority and social distinction; the way Wickford Point was decaying for want of repairs. But, at the same time, he loves everything at Wickford Point: Cousin Clothilde, with her warmth, beauty and spontaneous femininity, the house, the river, the remoteness and the timelessness. Most of all, he cannot free himself of his tie to Cousin Clothilde's daughter, his cousin Bella. It is an ironic fact that *Wickford Point*, which passes for the lightest of Marquand's serious novels, and which was thought innocent enough to be published serially in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is the only Marquand novel dominated by sex. It is true that Marquand, unlike his colleagues who manage to monopolize the attention of literary criticism, does not accompany his characters between the sheets, in the hay, into sleeping bags or gondolas. Nevertheless, *Wickford Point* is mainly a story of erotic tension. Jim Calder's involvement with the Brills crystalizes in his relation to Bella, which psychiatrists would call a fixation. Typically, it is never a wholly conscious tie, and for long almost entirely subconscious. For years Bella and Jim are simply cousins who like each other, quarrel, and play together. But Bella's two marriages, one to Jim's best friend, end in divorce, and Jim remains a bachelor. The essence of their relationship stands suddenly revealed in a superb passage, the description of a quarrel in which the emotion spent bears no rational proportion to the quarrel's cause, a quarrel between cousins that suddenly has turned into a lovers' quarrel.

> . . . she had not been my mistress; yet I suddenly saw that there had been something between us that resembled such a tie. Perhaps there always is in every friendship, no matter how platonic, between a man and a woman. The room felt hot and close and I could hear her talking, but I could not listen. . . . The whole thing was suddenly unhealthy and abnormal. It would have been better if I had taken her, but I could not even remember having experienced such a desire. I must have always known her too well for that, and yet there had always been something. . . . There had been her gaiety, for instance, and the sense that she needed me; but now it was gone. Instead I experienced a lonely emptiness combined with a faint revulsion.

Purged by insight, Jim loses some of his inhibition with his friend Pat Leighton who loves him, and who understands intuitively that it is Bella who stands between her and marriage. At the end of the novel Pat and Jim leave Wickford Point together, but we are not told whether they will ever marry. There is only a hope that Pat will be able to overcome Bella and Wickford Point. Family, tradition, permanence have become barriers to life.

In the novels written after *Wickford Point* and *Pulham*, even though the base of reference remains New England, the emphasis shifts to New York, to the metropolitan modern world, of which thus far we have had only episodic glimpses. Marquand's first attempt to deal with the for us more authentic problems of that world is, measured by Marquand's standards, a failure. *So Little Time*, published in 1943, is the only one of Marquand's novels that conforms to the Marquand stereotype invented by condescending critics. It is entertaining, satirical, and polished; but interesting mainly because it is a dry run for the major themes which are developed with much greater skill and depth in the novels that follow. They are the anxieties that accompany social mobility from the small town to the big city, the marriage joining clashing backgrounds, the insecurity born of a sense of impermanence, isolation and inferiority, and the disappearance of reliable human ties as friendship and personal relations become aspects of merchandising. These negative themes do not yet add up to total pessimism; satisfaction in one's work and friendship remain possible and only Hollywood lies totally beyond the pale of human decency. The novel's weakness stems from its ambition; it attempts to describe too many types and milieus—publishers, foreign correspondents, the theatre, Connecticut suburbia, Hollywood, Long Island—at the expense of plot and char-

acterization. The clubman and aristocrat, for instance, combines in him so many stereotypes that he becomes unconvincing. And it seems hardly possible that people really do exist who deposit fire-proofed hay in their barn and connect their toilet paper with a music box. It is, in short, a collection of caricatures, saved by the author's eye for interiors, and his ear for dialogue, from which no current cliché and no social nuance of language escapes.

In *B. F.'s Daughter*, published in 1946, the anxiety themes are developed in a tighter plot; another alternative way of life, that of New Deal liberals, is rejected; and the virtues of the small town character turned industrialist, are added to those of Apley to contrast with the present as the products of yet another legendary golden age. B.F. is a small town boy, who has become a business tycoon through ability and vitality; his integrity has remained unimpaired by the climb, and his self-confidence makes him secure in any milieu, including Long Island where he builds his mansion. His daughter, the heroine of the novel, however, cannot share that security, for her parents are different from everyone else at Gray's Point, and "there was surely nothing worse than being different, particularly in childhood when your main desire was to conform." The other little girls hear at home that her family is "nouveau," and are horrid to Polly. Once she drinks a glass of mustard and water so that she can throw up and thus get out of going to the Christmas cotillion; and once, as a little girl, she runs away to the small town, Willett, N. H., in which her father had been raised, and where her aunt and uncle symbolize a lost haven of simplicity.

A young Apleyan, Bob Tasmin, perhaps the most impeccable of Marquand's gallery of impeccable gentlemen, grows up in the neighboring estate at Gray's Point. He and Polly fall in love, get engaged, but do not marry. Marquand probably intends us to believe that the towering personality of B.F., who does not hide his liking for Bob Tasmin, and his daughter's inherited drive to dominate, prevent the marriage. Polly, we are led to believe, had to rebel against her father and her milieu; marriage to Bob Tasmin would have been submission to them; and she could not dominate Bob Tasmin. But it is also true that Bob Tasmin, for all his appealing clean-cut gentlemanliness is, like Pulham, something of a bore. His vision of the good life is limited to a new real estate development near Gray's Point, the old crowd, tennis, golf and bridge. Like Pulham, but unlike Apley, Bob Tasmin

never seems to read a book. Polly tries hard to reconcile herself to such a vision, but "the good life presented itself as a problem." Nor was lack of intellectual curiosity Bob Tasmin's only limitation; his conventionality forbids marrying a rich girl before he has been made a partner in his Wall Street law firm. Perhaps conventionality was merely rationalization of fear; in any event the delay gives Polly the opportunity to choose another way of life by falling in love and marrying Tom Brett, an instructor at Columbia, and a rising member of the New Deal's brain trust.

Again the alternative to tradition and convention is more deadly than any boredom on Sugar Hill could have been. Tom Brett is not a gentleman, and Marquand despises him and his ilk.

> Tom and his friends were consciously casual. Tom and his friends felt that manners indicated a mental and personal vacuum. They took off their coats and ties in hot weather without ever asking her and they sprawled in chairs without getting up when she entered the room. They used a great many Anglo-Saxon monosyllables to express themselves, and flipped cigarette ashes on the rugs and put their highball glasses on the floor. They treated women just as they treated each other, and when they got excited they paced about the room and snatched wrappers from books on which to draw diagrams. When they were bored they yawned and stretched, or sulked in corners or fell asleep. There was always freedom of thought and freedom of speech and freedom from fear when Tom and his friends were around; but there was a restful quality in good manners, particularly when one was tired.

Tom and his friends push back their felt hats, their suits are unpressed, their ties always drift to one side, they talk in jargon and clichés and they are intolerant. "There was something mechanical about Tom and all those boys with minds like steel traps, minds equipped with dogmatic lucidity. There was some basic lack of understanding in spite of all their aptitudes"; and "the truth was that all liberals were turning into self-righteous, complacent social snobs." Unlike the sterility of *Wickford Point* which left us with some hope, their sterility is definitive: Tom wants no children; they have none; and Tom's affair with his secretary furnished the occasion for the inevitable divorce.

We have it on as good authority as *Fortune*, that *Point of No Return*, published in 1949, is one of the few good contemporary novels about American business. It takes us to the antipode of *Life* magazine's garret, to a solid Manhattan commercial bank; and the question that provides the framework for its narrative as well as a best

seller's required suspense is as wholesomely American as the smile on a coke ad. The question is, will Charles Gray, assistant vice-president of the Stuyvesant Bank, be promoted to the vacant vice-presidency, or will he lose out to his rival? Yet a garret may be a cheerful place compared to a life that can be subsumed in that question. Marquand's most mature novel is also his most despairing one. The base of reference, the New England of the Apleyan aristocracy as well as that of the small town, is seen in a harsher and far less charitable light than it was in *Wickford Point*, *So Little Time* and *B.F.'s Daughter*, and the alternative, the upward mobile company life, is a wasteland.

Charles Gray grows up in a "lower-upper" family in Clyde, Massachusetts; which is *Haven's End* revisited. The first family of Clyde's "upper-upper" families are the Lovells: the widower, his sister and his daughter Jessica. Charles has a traumatic love affair with Jessica; just as in *B.F.'s Daughter*, the first great love does not have the vitality to push beyond the stage of engagement. In his minute analysis of the emotional and social complexities with which the class structure of Clyde besets love between upper-upper Johnson Street and lower-upper Spruce Street, Marquand surpasses W. Lloyd Warner, whose work on *Yankee City* (which, like Clyde, is Newburyport, Massachusetts) pioneered the study of social class in America, and who is satirized in *Point of No Return* as Malcolm Bryant, the anthropologist, who, like a Dickensian character, punctuates his study of Clyde with a periodic: "My God, this is a wonderful town."

But it is not a wonderful town; lovers cannot find a single hepatica, in terms of a symbolic episode, in its circumference. Mr. Lovell, the aristocrat, is a fraud. He had never read and probably never would read the old leather-bound English editions on the shelves of his library from whose physical presence he drew "a vicarious and genuinely deceptive erudition." "He did not possess," Charles was to learn, "the energy, the persistence, or the curiosity ever to become what he thought he was." His opposition to Charles purports to be based on snobbery; after all had not Charles gone to Dartmouth instead of Harvard, and, worse, referred to it as a "school"? In a Marquand novel snobbery would fall among the venial sins; and Mr. Lovell's motivation stands eventually revealed as springing from blacker ones. To hardness of heart is joined an inordinate and sinful affection for his own daughter; the family feeling that had already deteriorated in *Wickford Point*

into an inability to court outside a circle of cousins, has now degenerated to the edge of incest. The revelatory scene recalls Jim and Bella's quarrel in *Wickford Point*; it occurs after Mr. Lovell, having used Charles' father's death as a pretext, has finally succeeded in making Jessica wish to break her engagement, and Charles is called to the house on Johnson Street to receive the news:

> As she stretched out her arms to reach him he had a glimpse of Mr. Lovell's face, startled and stricken, and their hands never touched because Mr. Lovell made a gasping, strangled sound and Jessica turned when she heard it.
>
> "Oh," Mr. Lovell said. "Oh." His face was alarmingly white. He took two wavering steps and slumped brokenly into a chair and covered his face with his hands. Jessica fell on her knees and put her arms around him.
>
> "Father," she asked, "oh, Father, what is it?" and Mr. Lovell straightened himself and reached unsteadily for her hand.
>
> "It's nothing Jessie dear," he said. . . .
>
> Then Jessica, still kneeling by Mr. Lovell's chair, looked up at Charles too and her voice was shaken with tears.
>
> "Oh, Charley, I can't. . . . Don't you see I can't? . . . I can't bear it any more."
>
> It was natural and yet it was unnatural. To Charles there was something faintly repellent in that conjugal scene. . . . As long as he lived he did not ever want to see Jessica or Mr. Lovell again.

Charles never does see Jessica or Mr. Lovell again. However, at the novel's end, he, and the reader, are confronted with their fate some twenty years later. Just as Proust expresses his disillusion with the Faubourg St. Germain at the very end of *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*, by introducing as the new Princess of Guermantes the vulgar bourgeoise, Mme. Verdurin, whom we have first encountered in a milieu seemingly light years removed from the Guermantes whom in turn we have first seen as figures of a legendary age in the tapestries of the old church in Combray, so Marquand expresses his farewell to the Apleyan golden age by the hideous revelation that Jessica, now about forty, is engaged to Jackie Mason, that unspeakably small town boy, whom we remember "with his yellow hair still moist from its careful morning brushing . . ., his sedulously knotted tie with its unduly brilliant colors" and that "something" that was "too aggressively brown" about his suit. Mr. Lovell, having grown senile like Proust's Baron de Charlus has now accepted Jackie Mason, whose

grandfather ran the drugstore, as Jessica's fiancé, though he had rejected Charles, a judge's grandson, on grounds of caste. And with Mr. Lovell, Clyde has accepted Jackie Mason in its equivalent of the Faubourg St. Germain: Jackie has become a trustee of the library, a director of the bank, and a member of the Tuesday Club with Mr. Lovell. The world of the Late George Apley has become no more than a façade.

Marquand has balanced the Lovells as a repellent symbol with a more human, warm and cheerful symbol of decline. John Gray, Charles' father, is like Thomas Mann's confidence man Felix Krull, with whom he has much in common, a decadent figure. He could not get through Harvard, he gambled on the stock market, and when the crash of 1929 makes him lose his biggest gamble he commits suicide. Yet his positive qualities make him, together with Cousin Clothilde in *Wickford Point*, one of the few Marquand characters who defy classification as types; like Mr. Micawber, Mr. Jaggers, Baron de Charlus and Christian Buddenbrooks, he is a creation of genius, transcending type, even as "by some strange alchemy" he had "bridged the gap" between his own "lower-upper" Bruce Street and the proletarian River Street. He bridged that gap by the Christian virtues of kindness and spontaneity: he "was the sort of man who would always stop when a child was crying in the street." His enthusiasms are magnificent: at the firemen's muster, as captain of the Pine Trees Fire House, in a make-believe fireman suit, red shirt and helmet, that, to Charles' embarrassment, seemed to turn him into a River Streeter; when he entertains his fellow members of the Confessional Club, and when he reads and quotes Boswell's *Life of Johnson* in his bookroom upstairs, which unlike Mr. Lovell's library, is always untidy with books, papers and unrelated objects. During his short moment of financial glory, before the crash, his delight in his Cadillac, his champagne, his cigars, his brandy, his butler and his yacht on the river, belongs in some Fitzgeraldian mystique of the rich, and must have made Thorstein Veblen turn in his grave.

The tragic character of *Point of No Return* lies in the fact that the world of business success to which Charles Gray escapes from the failures of Clyde is so devoid of spontaneity that it makes political and religious freedom seem irrelevant and reduces the scope of individuality all too close to its absolute totalitarian zero. Business has become a

compulsive and joyless worship of success. The compulsion is no longer the Puritan compulsion to work hard; for, as David Riesman has argued, success comes now by way of adjustment to the group. This means that life is spent "polishing some apple or other." "You had to know how far to go, how long to laugh, and how to measure every speech." You must never give way to impulse, but weigh every word in every conversation. If your president is Tony Burton, you walk like Tony, you talk like Tony, you dress like Tony, you play golf like Tony, and you visit the barber once a week.

Nor are compulsion and anxiety locked within the office. They make friendship impossible. "There could be mutual respect and liking and loyalty, but it was safer never to let these merge into friendship if you wanted to get on downtown." Charles Gray no longer has friends. That part of life that in Apley's world belonged to spontaneous association with friends, the dinner party, "the good, free, unconfined merriment" of the Club, has become an anxiety-ridden ritual. Ironically enough, we are told once that Charles Gray and his wife Nancy went to the Oak Knoll Club for the Tuesday evening dances, because to go was better than to think about the possibility of failure. For on the Tuesday evening we see Charles at the Club, every thought and gesture is haunted by the fear of failure. Whom was he to dance with? It was wise to change partners quickly for business reasons; "considering everything, it would be advisable for business reasons to dance with Molly Blakesley" his rival's wife; at the same time "neighbors always had to dance with neighbors' wives." The men's bar does not provide deliverance because the men there all know implicitly "that they should be dancing, and they weren't"; their conversation is about cars, as if it had been invented by David Riesman; and they leave Charles with the one intolerable feeling of guilt, the feeling that "he had not made good with his group." This nightmare only ends when it was "late enough so that no one would say they were leaving early, and it was early enough so that no one would say the Grays were always up late at parties."

Even the most private realm, the family and home, have become poisoned by the compulsions of career. The disappearance of any refuge is symbolized by the Grays' feeling about their house, which, in the words of the Book of Common Prayer, should have been a haven of blessing and of peace. Instead it has become the symbol of imper-

manence and insecurity. Charles Gray knows that if he failed in achieving the vice-presidency he would have to sell the house at Sycamore Park; and that if he succeeds he will sell it too, to get a larger place. And Charles' wife, too, instead of being a counter focus of ties more organic than the lines in the organization chart of a company, mirrors insecurity. With pride of family, warmth of family has vanished. Once it had been a relief for Charles that Nancy did not like her family much, and that she wanted to make a clear break by calling their son Bill, instead of Sam, a family name, and that she used to say of Clyde and her own home town: "We never saw each other in either of such places, and thank God we didn't." But it was no relief to him when, in moments of crisis, she forbids Charles to say that they have each other, and that his ironic evocation of the little woman kissing her husband goodbye with a "goodbye, darling, and don't come back to me without being vice-president of the trust company" is met by the discordant revelation of Nancy's reply: " . . . maybe you're right . . . maybe it isn't much but it's all we have." No wonder, that after such a revelation the final victory, the vice-presidency achieved, has become hollow.

Marquand has supplemented his view of American business by his last novel, *Sincerely, Willis Wayde*, published in 1955, in a way a sequel to *Point of No Return*, because it pushes the tendencies described in *Point of No Return* to their logical conclusion. The book reviewers said that *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* is the history of a heel, but it is nothing of the sort. On the contrary, compared to the hero of almost any other recent novel about business, Willis Wayde is a model of rectitude; and almost anyone working in a large organization can point to people of his acquaintance whom he would gladly exchange for Wayde. Wayde is never motivated by malice, and he never harms anyone deliberately. Yet, his singleminded pursuit of success has left no room in him for warmth, sentiment, or sensitivity. He seems made to demonstrate that without tradition, without a background of permanence and stability, without a code, in a world where success becomes the sole criterion of worth, unbought grace of life, charity and spontaneous warmth must disappear.

The differences between Charles Gray and Willis Wayde are significant. Wayde spends much of his childhood and youth in Clyde, Gray's home town. But unlike Gray, neither he nor his parents have

been born in Clyde, and the life of the town that formed Gray never touched him. Gray worshipped success with an uneasy conscience; he knew that the worship debased him, and his integrity and sense of tradition made him deviate occasionally from pure expediency. He goes to war, for instance, though he did not need to, and although he thought that doing so would weaken his prospects at the Bank. Wayde never deviates; he does not know any gods other than success who might have deflected his course. Gray's friendlessness came relatively late in his life when he had learned to concentrate on being a success downtown; he did have friends in his boyhood. Wayde never had friends, as "there had not been much time for friendship"; he cannot even find a single friend to serve as best man or usher at his wedding. He cannot understand, in 1940, why anybody should worry about the war, and as for literature, "Willis was willing to bet that any topflight businessman . . . could take any blonde away from any novelist." We are told nothing about Charles Gray's behavior on the first night of his honeymoon, but he would not have been capable of using it as an opportunity to make friends with a middle-aged leader of industry and his wife, and to arrange it so as to have dinner with them, as did Wayde.

Yet, there is one hope of salvation in *Willis Wayde* that was absent in *Point of No Return* and the preceding novels. Wayde has a wife who loves him. She is intelligent, sensitive, aware of her husband's shortcomings, but she loves him. Unlike Nancy Gray, she does provide a counter pole of warmth. However often the location of her houses may change, she does make each house a haven of peace; and at the moment when Willis Wayde is confronted for the first time with the terrifying hostility that hardness of heart must create, Sylvia Wayde can restore him by radiating warmth of family: "'Darling', Sylvia said, 'it's all right. It really is all right. . . . I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll call up the children's camps and talk to them. It's wonderful that we're both so crazy about the children.'" The novel ends on that constructive note.

We said at the beginning of this inquiry into the meaning of Marquand's novels that the novels following *The Late George Apley* can be read as examinations of alternative ways of life, all to be rejected. *Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.* the masterly life history of an infantry major general, published in 1951, is the only one of these novels that comes

close to being an exception to this rule of universal rejection. Goodwin is a small town New England boy, like Jeffrey Wilson, B. F. and Charles Gray, but apart from his rooted small-town childhood, there was no more geographical permanence in his life than in that of Willis Wayde. "His home was where his orders took him." Yet the cutting of local roots, and we are told that they were cut at West Point, did not destroy his capacity for warmth, love and honor. Marquand admires him: "There was a metal in him that life had never tarnished." Marquand shows that the closely woven social fabric that made possible Apley's character and code had been replaced for General Goodwin by the equally tight fabric of the army which more than balanced the kind of insecurities which are present in both corporate and army life. While for Charles Gray and Willis Wayde bosses are in the main people whose places one wants to usurp as soon as possible, there existed for Melville Goodwin something else, a dignity of rank, almost "the only reality on which one could depend in an environment of change and uncertainty." Somehow the kind of yesmanship that destroyed dignity in Charles Gray and Willis Wayde, loses much of its destructive force in the service. Most important of all, it does not destroy the capacity for friendship. The General, like George Apley, has a peculiar gift for friendship; and the kind of affection he won is expressed best by the exasperated comment of a forbiddingly tough friend and erstwhile chief of staff of his: "Hell, I don't know why I love the son of a bitch." And while rootlessness and a feeling of isolation make other Marquand heroes falter in crisis, the emotional stability of the regular army, which Marquand seems to see as a surrogate for the stability of family in his New England golden age, makes Melville Goodwin emerge from his crisis with increased fibre.

The army's answer to the problems of the age of anxiety cannot be a universal one. Marquand does not tell us whether he thinks that the modern corporation could give its officers an emotional climate akin to that of the services. To implant the king's conscience upon the profit motive of the modern corporation, as A. A. Berle has suggested, will indeed require another social revolution. Marquand seems to suggest at least the possibility of a less revolutionary solution, namely that the kind of moral courage and integrity that he admires in Apley and General Goodwin can be kindled by example and hence exist in private life. The narrative framework of *Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.* permits

Marquand to contrast Goodwin's life and problems constantly with those of a celebrated radio news commentator, whose calling we know Marquand detests, and which he evokes in the most repulsive colors. Yet, at the end, the commentator suddenly finds the strength to cut through intrigue and double-dealing in a direct and courageous thrust, to his own, and everybody else's astonishment; and it is made explicit that it was the impact of the General's uncomplicated honesty that worked the conversion, and made the commentator indebted to the General "for a new sense of security."

The work of John P. Marquand has developed from the regional to the universal—from the problems of a minute fringe of the American people to the problems of the managers who run the companies which employ two-thirds of gainfully employed Americans. Thus it is concerned with the core of American civilization and it has diagnosed the degenerative symptoms radiating from that core with clinical insight and constructive pessimism. Though limited to the doings of the best-fed, best-clothed and best-housed people of the richest democracy in the world, it confronts us with some of the maladies of western civilization that lie at the root of the totalitarian cataclysms of our century: loss of organic roots, isolation, anxiety and nihilistic worship of success. Marquand has thus succeeded in penetrating to the sociological essentials without preaching and without the contrivances of a morality play. On the contrary, at his best Marquand has created characters of Dickensian splendor and of a Proustian capacity for development in time.

There are three areas in which the world of John P. Marquand falls short of reality. His satire and pessimism often overlook humor; often, but not always, for there are scenes in Marquand, such as the invasion of the broadcasting studio by General Gooch of the Pentagon in *Melville Goodwin*, which are funny without satirical bitterness. More important, Marquand lacks the sense of the romantic in the present; it is startling to reflect that he has written about the same people that excited the romantic imagination of F. Scott Fitzgerald. And finally, despite the fact that the problems of Marquand's characters are essentially religious problems, Marquand barely brushes religion. Apley is a churchman, because he thought churchgoing a good discipline; General Goodwin professes his belief in God at various occasions; and some of Marquand's other characters have sporadic

moments of musing about God, prayer, or church attendance. Yet all this is marginal, the world of Marquand is thoroughly secular; and in none of the nine novels we have discussed is there even a mention of the sacrament of communion, the central mystery of Christian life. No Marquand hero ever attempts to relate his actions or thought to religious doctrine or tradition. It may be that these are areas in which we can look for further growth in Marquand's view of American life. Meanwhile let us rejoice in the work of an author who, like the Victorians (in Dwight Macdonald's phrase), feels in the presence of the base the uneasiness we feel in the presence of the whole.

Moses

By Abraham Rothberg

I

From Mount Nebo he saw the Promised Land,
Looked out on the country he might not enter,
And died of his longing.

Mountainous ambition and failure plain, anger in him always,
His people bricked and mortared into Pharoah's cities,
Pharoah's order to the midwives stillbirthed in him,
Miscarried in his pitched ark between the rushes,
He knew his mother's face: knew his revenge
Would be on her people for her, on him for his own;
Knowing himself tongue-tied to the roof of his mouth,
He raised his hand to act—and murdered.

Abraham Rothberg (Ph.D., Columbia University) has been a businessman and a university teacher, is at present editor-in-chief of the Free Europe Press (sister organization of Radio Free Europe). Mr. Rothberg has published many short stories, essays and articles. His short story "The Walls of Jericho" was included in *The Antioch Review Anthology*.

In Midian the comfort of Jethro's daughter, bird of darkness
Zipporah, and his alien sons, estranged in a strange land,
Tending Reuel's quiet sheep in his own deserts,
Drove the leprous snow of fury from his hands
Until the bush burning in his mind spoke with the voice of God,
Putting words into his mouth he knew his tongue could not command.
Conscious of his failures, he spoke: played the tricks
Of rod and serpent, thunder and lightning, water and blood,
Then murdered once again—their first born.

Always with quaking Sinai and smoking Horeb on the horizon,
He knew God and men had spoken, that he would be buried
Unknown and untended, his work unfinished,
The land a promise, the arrival his departure;
Knew his people, who did not know him, or his failure,
But who had made them both, who would make them both,
That he might see and bring them the Law, and turn
Their stiffnecked rabble into a holy nation.

II

For who shall change a generation? Even with the studied
Wandering in unstudied wilderness, a forty-year journey
Towards a new generation, the Tables of Stone forty times forty
Broken in the sand and beneath the palms, and cast aside
For manna and a golden bull—to give the Law, the stony Law,
That holy matter of restraint and structure,
The Tables of Testimony graved by the finger of God.

Was it the voice of God or his own wrath that spoke
To slay them in the mountains, to consume them from
The earth, his brother and his sister, his friends and followers,
Entangled as they were in Egypt,
Shut in by the wilderness,
Thirsting for the waters of the Nile,
Hungering for the fleshpots of Memphis,
Themselves bricks without straw,
Bread without leaven,
After the parched baking of five hundred years
In Pharoah's kilns.

Later, they might think him puissant,
Horns of power on his head like a diadem,
The Tables of Stone firm in command, the eyes
Flashing the pillar of fire and the cloud of smoke,
His miracles: the bitter lakes turned green-sweet,
The coriander snowfall of manna,
The white rain of quail,
And the tamarisk tree their friend,
The glory of having killed and conquered
Egypt and Amalek alike.

But he knew his failure was his future, and
What remained, an ambiguous name, drawn from water,
Writ in it, a child of the river,
Flowing away to an unknown sea.
And finally, no homage lent or honor bestowed:
His brother's sons holy, not his;
His Jordan uncrossed;
His grave uncharted in a valley in Moab;
So it might never be a place of pilgrimage,
So none could do him reverence,
And so, raise him above men or Law.

Japanese Notebook

By DANIEL BELL

MORE THAN any other place in the world, Japan is seen through bi-focal lenses. Consider these disjunctions:

The Japanese are a very formal people with a high love of order and beauty (viz., the composed garden, the aestheticism of brush writing, the stylized sequence of the tea ceremony), but Tokio is probably the most shapeless and disorderly city—physically speaking—in the world. The center of the city is graceless: the tall business buildings surrounding the large moat and sombre brown wall which enclose the Imperial Palace, are heavy and barrack-like, unbroken even by the "wedding-cake" set-backs, which New York zoning imposes on its skyscrapers to break the solid walls of cement and stone. The city reputedly has hills, but often the only evidence is one's own labored breathing in ascending a street. Buildings are thrown up so closely, and the roads so walled, that few spots offer any gracious vista of the rest of the city. The streets have no names, and the houses have no sequential numbers! (A firm advertising its wares always prints a map to indicate its location.) Getting around in Tokio is the most frustrating, and in a taxi the most meter-consuming business in the world. One, or rather one's Japanese friend, gives directions as to the district, the sub-district, then one or two possible landmarks, and then the number of streets from the landmarks to the street one wants. But since sixty per cent of the city was destroyed during the fire-bombings and the city has since overbuilt the ruins, the landmarks are new and unfamiliar. The United States Army tried numbering and alphabetizing a few of the main avenues, but most Japanese pay no attention to these. If any large city in the world ever lacked style, it is Tokio.

DANIEL BELL, Labor Editor of *Fortune* and Lecturer in Sociology at Columbia University, visited Japan last year.

The Japanese are probably the most widely read and cultured people in the world. Not only do the major newspapers, *Mainichi* and *Asahi* have circulations which match those of the English dailies, but intellectual magazines of the seriousness and tone of *Partisan Review* have circulations of 100,000. The writers are well-paid; the highest-paid person last year in Japan, in fact, was a writer. (The achievement may be less striking, since, with the tax rates at a confiscatory level, companies pay for the living expenses of all executives, including servants. Writers, as the last individualists, have to report their royalties and other income.) The enthusiasms are intense. There is even a Karl Jaspers society devoted to the translation and study of the work of this German existentialist thinker. Yet, despite this high literacy, Japan has failed to produce any major social theorist in the last fifty years. One reason for this, lies, I am told, in the different scale of intellectual values which prevail. Traditional Japanese culture is primarily interested not in social but aesthetic judgments. It seeks harmony and avoids controversy. It emphasizes sensual beauty and simply shuts its eyes to the ugly. But those who have rejected this culture have gone to a reactive extreme. How explain the fact that a large section of the Japanese intelligentsia profess and in their criticism employ, a "vulgar Marxism" which would shame even a contributor to *Tribune*, *France-Observateur*, or *The National Guardian*.

The Japanese are very status-conscious. Everything is arranged in an orderly way. Obligations are exact, upward and downward in the social scale. This is bred in the very structure of the language. There are, for example, twenty or more different forms for the English "I" and corresponding expressions for the opposite "you." As Nobutane Kuichi puts it: "When a Japanese talks to someone, he takes into account from the beginning the status of that person with regard to himself, as well as the particular occasion for the conversation, and it is only after he has determined these things in his own mind that he chooses what he considers to be the proper words for 'I' and 'you.'" Yet in his horse-play, the Japanese lets go in startling fashion. The games at a geisha party are child-like, i.e. following the geisha in a simple, giggling dance of digging potatoes; or a competition to see who can add the last drop of sake in a glass without it spilling over, etc. It is true that in all countries individuals often become infantile

in their play; look only at a convention of The American Legion or the Shriners and their outlandish costumes. But rarely does one see, as in Japan, such a startling—and uniform—contrast of formality and regression. (Even so, this behavior does not match that of the Germans at *fasching* time, when these entertainments become more crude and even lecherous.) Herbert Passin, an American anthropologist who has lived in Japan for many years, points out that child-rearing in Japan, until the age of six, is extremely permissive. Until then, the child is allowed to indulge his whims freely. But suddenly in school, a strict, and harsh regimen is imposed, and this strictness carries through into all later study and work. Thus, the only form of relaxation or play which is known are the infantile pleasures.

These alternate modes of behavior have been observed in different aspects of Japanese life, most notably in Ruth Benedict's *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*. For her, these antinomies were of equal weight in making up the complex Japanese character: one trait simply had its opposite face; one was a "reaction formation" to the other. Perhaps so, but one feels that there is a simpler explanation, that these disjunctions arise, perhaps, from the fact that the lapses from the formal character structure are irrelevant, and simply don't count for the Japanese. It is not that they are oblivious, for example, to Tokio's shapelessness, or lack of street names, but that they don't care; and they don't care because only the private and formal aspects of life, contained within their own small circle of peers, counts.

Similarly, one finds that often the absorption of foreign thought is important less for the content of the thought, than for the fact that one finds pride in the mastering of something quite different. Thus the Japanese have absorbed countless influences without being wholly transformed by these alien cultures. What sustains the Japanese, a character inheritance from the Meiji samurai, that remarkable group of self-disciplined men who transformed Japan into an industrialized society, is the sense of being "a chosen people," of having a mission. What the mission is, is often less important than the fact of having one. Life consists in striving, otherwise it would be meaningless. And the striving may become simply an end for itself.

In observing this remarkable, rigid, hard-working, orderly, status-riven people, one looks for the conscience or prod which fashions the goal. There is no religious ethic, such as one which presumably shaped

western character, and no "other-worldly" rewards. There is little sense of sin. But the Japanese respond quickly to shame. Duties, rules and manners are so precisely defined, with little room for variation, that they need not be "internalized," as in western culture, where anxiety acts as the prod, and guilt the consequence for having failed to judge how one "really" should have responded in a social situation. In Japan the situations are defined and the failure to follow the precise patterns produces a quick sense of shame. The one basic, outward hierarchy is age, and here the forms of respect are clear and marked; in advancing to authority, or having the right to speak, one waits one's turn according to age.[1]

These are the formal aspects of the culture, which one still senses, and sometimes sees. (It is not uncommon to see distinguished figures get to their knees and touch their forehead to the floor in low bow in greeting a famous elder who has entered the room.) But to what extent can these values be sustained in a world where traditions are crumbling?

Tradition and change

While attention has been paid in most accounts to the rapid social changes taking place in Japan, there have been fewer attempts to define the conservative elements in the culture.

A strong support for the tradition is the language. In its elaborate differentiation it acts as a formidable bulwark. (Japanese is probably the only language in the world one cannot learn from a woman, since the words she uses to describe the "I"-"you" relationship are comically wrong for a man.) Two friends can use a "familiar" boku (I)—kimi (you) mode of address, but only in an informal situation; as a subordinate official one does not address a minister of state, even if the two are close friends, as "kimi"; if he did, it would be a serious breach of status. Years ago, I read a Japanese anthropologist's description of American business customs: when two businessmen meet, each clasps his hand over his heart, and from a special pocket each proffers a thin,

[1]These differences in norms have created a peculiar problem for Japanese psychoanalysis. In seeking to translate the concept of the super-ego, James Clark Moloney points out, the only analogous concept which the Japanese were able to use was that of the person of the Emperor.

elongated brown object to the other; the one who accepts the elongated brown object of the other is the inferior; and their status thus established, the two sit down to parley. I thought it then an amusing illustration of the literalness of an outsider's description of exchanging cigars; may it be, more simply, a reflection of the Japanese's own preoccupation with status rather than observation?

Reinforcing the status hierarchy, the "old school tie" counts considerably, even more so than in England, in the academic, business and political worlds. Before the war, a Japanese trained in a foreign university would find it difficult to obtain a professorship at a top Japanese school. While this broke down somewhat in the early years of the Occupation, the prejudice still remains.

One finds the Japanese, at the official level, stiffening in their relationships to foreigners. It is becoming more difficult for a foreigner to live and work in Japan. This may be a natural consequence of the reassertion of national sovereignty. It does not affect the ordinary relations between Japanese and foreign guests. Japanese courtesy is the most sensitive in the world, and Japanese manners the most delicate. But personal and official relations are often two different realms, and the reawakened nationalism on the official level acts as a reinforcement to the traditionalism of Japanese life.

One important factor in the stability of the country is the spectacular rate of economic growth, a rate which Colin Clark believes higher than that of the Soviet Union, and the highest in the world. In 1955, for example, gross national product increased 10.3 per cent, and in 1956, it increased 11.1 per cent. Much of this was due to an extraordinary rate of capital formation, in 1955, 20.8 per cent of national income, and in 1956, 26.2 per cent. Considering the fact that the defense budget is only two per cent of the national income, most of this capital formation went into expanding the economic base.

The basis of this rapid capital accumulation is the remarkable savings habits of the Japanese middle class, despite a ruinous inflation after the war, and the sweating of its labor.[2] In the northern

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[2]Japanese planners are so worried about inflation that they refuse to issue notes higher than 1000 yen denomination, or about $2.80 at the official rate. They feel that a worker earning 15,000 yen a month and receiving only two or three bills might feel psychologically cheated, and demand higher wages. Thus one finds tellers at banks interminably counting yen notes, and people walking about, their pockets bulging with currency.

section of Tokyo one can see mile after mile of small machine and foundry shops which in any other industrialized country of the world would have been considered uneconomic. In one, a small shop, perhaps a hundred feet square, several three man teams were making one inch "nuts" for bolts. A long rod of iron was heated in a small hearth, held by a wedge and "cut" by a manually-operated drop forge, and then, as the metal was held by prongs in a small mold, turned and pounded into a hexagonal nut. It took, in my rough time-study, about one minute and fifteen seconds to make the threadless nut, which a stamping machine in the United States could probably turn out in a third of the time. But capital is dear, and labor cheap, and apparently one could employ this primitive mode of forging. An exporter friend described to me the incredible degree of subcontracting that makes up small industry in Japan. Of Christmas bulbs which sold in the United States for two for a quarter, he copied the design, had them made for one cent each and sold them here at two for fifteen cents. The three items in the bulb, the base made with a copper press, the filaments, and the glass, were each subcontracted in different shops. The glass itself was hand-blown: a small shop had several furnaces each with nine small portholes; a team of three men was at each hole. One, with a long four-foot glass tube drew out the molten glass and began blowing, a second clamped a mold on it, snapping it off, a third packed it. A portable radio, which competes with one selling for $30 in the United States is manufactured for $6.25 in Japan, three dollars of which are for the tubes, and the remainder for the plastic case, components, etc.

Foreign fads and home-made nettles

Although tradition bulks large in the country, it is a deep question whether it can resist the tides of social change. The sources of social change are those which are common to all modern societies: the rise of new managerial classes, the social disaffection of a restless intelligentsia, and the impact of a consumption culture.

Japanese capitalism, even to this day, bears some traces of the feudal forms of obedience and obligation that characterized the paternalistic transformation of the country to industrial society. (Workers going out on strike are, in a few instances, still paid wages by the

employer; otherwise, how would a worker eat?) But prewar capitalism was held together by a system of "family capitalism" wherein four great clans provided the leaders and managers of industry. Today, the *Zaibatsu* has been broken up, and with the expansion of the administrative and professional occupations which are a feature of all complex industrial societies, a new managerial class, recruited from the middle classes, has arisen. How far this new class will accept the social forms and conventions of the older traditions remains to be seen.

As for the intellectuals? Tokio, says Junichiro Tanizaki, in one of his novels, "is shallow, the city of foreign fads and of journalism, and of an 'intelligentzia' created by the two." Tanizaki, perhaps Japan's leading novelist, symbolizes the traditionalist reaction. His novel, *Some Prefer Nettles*, is a delicate account, as artful as fingerpoints just brushing the skin, of *un homme sensuel* unable to take the final step in breaking a marriage which long ago lost its sensual meaning. (It can be read on other levels as well: as a study in self-pity, of sexual potency only under conditions of humiliation, and other themes which have subtle correlation with Japanese character traits.)

Tanizaki went to Osaka to live, away from the "foreign fads and journalism," although for health reasons he now lives in Atami. His judgment, though harsh, is not untrue, for the intelligentsia and traditionalists are less apart than they believe. The same modes of expression—romanticism and violence—attract both. But where the traditionalists have stylized these emotions—and the theatre, Kabuki most notably with its masks, grimacing, heavy explosive speeches and subtle, intangible gestures, is the most vivid expression of this—the intelligentsia act out both modes in a rhetorical passion, uncontained and uncontrolled. And reacting against traditionalism, the intellectuals find their themes in the literature of other countries.

Russian literature has exercised an hypnotic influence on the intelligentsia. Much of this interest arose after 1905 when Japan, in its first conflict with a European power, humbled the Russians. But the Russians in defeat became a subject of great curiosity. Bazarov, the nihilist (of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*), became a character of intense study. The flamboyant figures of Russian anarchism, Bakunin and Nechayev (after whom Dostoevsky modelled his character Verkhovensky in *The Possessed*), became great heroes. A monthly magazine, devoted solely to the works of Tolstoy, was established.

And this entire current went Bolshevist after the revolution.

The present postwar intelligentsia, cut off largely from western intellectual developments in the '30's and '40's, finds its emotional avatar in a *gauchisme* not unlike that of their French contemporaries. Their descriptions of America are crude (e.g., the Marshall Plan was created to get rid of overproduction), their views in these matters influenced, curiously, by Paul Sweezy (whose *Monthly Review* has a following in Japan); and their views of Russia naive, e.g., Russia is still a workers' state because property is nationalized. This intelligentsia is not Communist—the Communist Party in Japan is small—but "left Socialist," believing that the transition to socialism will require "a dictatorship of the proletariat," and quite unmindful of the problems of dictatorship.

(Oddly, in a pattern which is the obverse of that in the United States, the most left trade unions are the government workers, the teachers, and white-collar unions, while the most "right" are the seamen and the manual laborers. The reasons are fairly simple: the right-wing unions, engaged in collective bargaining, adapt realistically to the market problems of industry, while the left unions, led by intellectuals, deal primarily with government, and so raise political and doctrinaire issues.)

Use of such generics as *the* Japanese intellgentsia involves, of course, considerable distortion. There are large, and significantly influential groups—the Fabian Society, the Social Thought Association, the Japanese Cultural Forum—who hold sophisticated political views. But they are a minority, and, unfortunately and undeniably, "vulgar Marxism" is the dominant tone of the others. The events in Hungary had a considerably chastening influence on the Japanese intellectuals. As in France, the left reacted with considerable dismay to the sight of Hungarian workers being shot down by Russian guns. Yet if Russia has lost standing in their eyes, Communist China has not. The terror in Russia, institutionalized in purges, became a betrayal of socialism, but the terror in China ("it's only against landlords") is still justified. One Japanese intellectual told me, in accents oddly reminiscent of the '30's: You feel that immorality should be judged by the nature of the act; we do by the intention. And since the intentions of the Chinese are still held to be good—though those of the Russians are not—many acts of the Mao regime are easily rationalized.

The varieties of sensual experience

In the curious ecology of Tokyo, where hovel and mansion are jumbled and juxtaposed, only the entertainment sections have a distinct boundary, as if, in the character itself, work and pleasure are two separate realms. These entertainment sections, apart from the main one which parallels the Ginza, chief shopping street of Tokyo, are to be found surrounding the intersects, where the suburban lines to the outlying sections join the main elevated line which loops around the major section of the city.

At night, Tokyo is probably the most colorful and gaudy city in the world. It is a city that obviously loves its pleasures. The shapelessness of the city by day becomes a delight at night as one is jostled along dirt-paved streets crammed with open-front stores, sweetshops, drink stands, pin-ball parlors, restaurants, bars, baths, brothels, small hotels of assignation—a huge bazaar of oral, visual and genital excitements, vulgar and sophisticated, low-brow and high-brow; strip-tease joints and coffee houses (with names like La Scala and programs of classical music announced weeks in advance, as in a concert hall), all mingling side by side.

These sections are a riot of color and light. Large, extraordinary neon signs dominate the sky. Huge cinemas have illuminated, decorative friezes. Each radial street in the compound (narrow lanes, actually, from which cars are barred) has a profusion of luminous signs whose calligraphic characters give them a graceful and exotic look. Hundreds of little restaurants, each specializing in different items, abound in the area: one finds restaurants devoted only to varieties of sashimi, the delicately textured filet of raw fish; to tempura, or the deep-fat fried shellfish and vegetables; to sukiyaki, the lightly fried and steamed combination of vegetables and meat; to oiru-yaki, the charcoal-grilled steak filets which are the tastiest in the world (an extravagant claim, but understandable in view of the fact that Japanese beef on the hoof is hand massaged each day so as to marble the fat more evenly through the meat).

The brothels are discreetly off to one section, with young Korean toughs (like the Arabs at Pigalle in Paris), hanging around offering to show one more esoteric pleasures. (In Shinjinku, there is a fence

running down the length of the brothel street facing a main avenue, since it is the road the Crown Prince takes each day to school and back.) Prostitution, until recently, was legal, but the Socialist women pressed for a law which gives the brothel keepers three years to wind up their affairs. Since there are an estimated 40,000 licensed prostitutes in Tokyo, plus another 100,000 who operate casually in the bars and streets, the problem of control will be a difficult one.

And there are the inevitable *pachinko* parlors, those mesmerizing pin-ball games wherein the player simply shoots a lead ball vertically onto a grid of pins to see whether it will drop into a scoop shelf, which will give the player fifteen more balls, or down to the bottom of the box. One hears of individuals standing for hours, mechanically flipping the balls into the air, like cracking Indian nuts constantly, while the room is full of the sounds of bells, registering the winning shot of players at different machines—and they are usually all occupied. Competition between *pachinko* parlors is so intense that one place hired a strip-teaser as an attraction, until the patrons complained that watching her interfered with their playing of the machines. It is not uncommon to see, after eleven o'clock at night, when the suburban trains have cut their frequency and the entertainment sections begin to close down, men or women with babies strapped to their backs playing pachinko. There are, reputedly, 40 million pachinko machines in Japan, or almost one for each two persons in the population; and, according to Japanese national income statistics, about one billion dollars was spent last year on the game.

Despite the extraordinarily high rate of personal savings, expenditures for consumption are beginning to rise in Japan. Radio and camera shops abound; there is a fast-growing nucleus of 350,000 television-viewing families. Cinemas are going up at the rate of two a day to entertain one billion customers a year. And automobile purchases are beginning to rise so as to create, for the first time in its history, a traffic problem for Tokyo, and a demand for new roads in Japan.

These social changes will radically affect the style of life in Japan. In the past, change was initiated from the top, and was controlled. But the present changes are too pervasive and rapid to be easily controlled. They are the changes inherent in the spread of any mass society and mass culture.

Two Poems

By VERNON SCANNELL

Juan in Middle Age

The appetite which leads him to her bed
Is not unlike the lust of boys for cake,
Except he knows that after he has fed
The penance will be more than belly-ache.

And others than himself will have to pay
The price of his appalling need to know
That he is truly vigorous though grey,
That all his manly attributes still show.

But after that crazed horizontal dance,
As he in palpitating darkness lies,
He trembles at the threat of morning's lance:
Cold kisses lie like pennies on his eyes.

VERNON SCANNELL has been a free-lance broadcaster for the BBC and a journalist and is now teaching school. He is the author of two novels, *The Fight* and *The Wound and the Scar*, and of two volumes of poetry, *Graves and Resurrections* and *A Mortal Pitch*.

The Jealous Wife

Like a private eye she searches
For clues through diaries and papers;
Examines his clothing for the guilty stains
Of crimson lipstick, wicked wine
Or something biological.
And when no act of sensual
Crime can be at length surmised
She is most puzzled and surprised
To be assailed by disappointment,
Not relief. Her steel intent
Is never to betray to him
The blonde and naked thoughts within
The purple bedroom of her mind;
But her resolve can never stand
The pressure of the need to know.
"Where?" she says, and "When?" and "Who?"
"What time?" "What day?" The question-marks
Like heavy iron grappling hooks
Drag him to her fantasy,
And then he cannot fail to see
Within the harem of her skull
The lovely wickednesses loll.
And so at night they softly creep,
Tap at the darkened panes of sleep;
Then white and tender glide inside
His dream on whose delightful slope
At last her fears are justified.

The Meaning of Grundtvig: Skill plus Culture

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Nobody can concern himself with the literature of adult education in English without soon acquiring a sense that a Danish thinker named Grundtvig and a kind of adult school called a folk school, or folk high school, with which he is identified, rank very high in the scale of values of most thinkers about the subject. Observation shows, however, that the high verbal value placed upon the Danish folk schools, regarded as examples for adult education ventures elsewhere, and the formal verbal honor paid to Grundtvig as a man are not matched in the English-speaking countries by a comparably powerful influence on adult education practice. Admiration of the Danes has not in many, or even strategic, instances, resulted in what is generally thought of as the sincerest form of flattery, imitation of what is their most distinctive contribution to the practice of adult education. Rather the Grundtvigian influence in the English-speaking countries is notably sporadic and attenuated and Grundtvig himself, judging from the literature piling up about him, is passing to the care of the religionists as in some sense a counterbalance to his fellow-countryman Kierkegaard. Yet unquestionably Grundtvig has a conspicuous place in the iconolatry of the adult educators of the British countries and America. The paradox demands examination.

The usual explanation is that the Danish folk schools were developed in a farming environment for farmers (or peasants) and are therefore not readily adaptable to urban situations, and it is precisely

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in urban situations, and certainly not in peasant communities, that British and American adult educators most commonly operate. It is pointed out, to elaborate the point, that the Danes themselves long failed to adapt the folk schools to urban situations and that even today they are in strong competition with, in urban areas, the Danish version of the British urban-oriented WEA. Moreover, even in the Danish farming communities the folk schools, while fairly numerous, do not touch the lives of all farmers—are not as comprehensively influential as the Cooperative Extension Service in the United States—but rather exert a general influence through technical agricultural education and the cooperative enterprises they stimulate. Since the rural environment of Denmark can hardly be duplicated abroad, the argument runs, and since the Danes themselves have had to adapt the folk schools to fit them at all to urban situations, it is hardly a matter of wonder that the British and the Americans have been able to do relatively little with them. That anything at all has been done is most remarkable.

There is something unsatisfying about this way of resolving the paradox. On examination of the facts, it is plain that it places too much emphasis on form and circumstances and not enough on the spirit of the schools. The Danish folk schools must possess the merits ascribed to them, not because they are organized in a particular way to serve people in a particular environment, but because of the approach they make to education. If that approach is as valid as it is alleged to be, it would quicken education under markedly different circumstances. Bring the spirit to bear and let the form take care of itself! This seems to be what the Danes are doing in taking folk schools into the towns and cities. But, unluckily, knowledge about the form has come through more vividly to the British and the Americans than any negotiable ideas of the spirit. To perceive this does not make it any easier to define and describe the folk schools, but it does make it a bit more certain that in writing of them, and of Grundtvig, one is attempting to communicate something nearer the essence of the matter.

The case is further complicated by the fact that the folk schools are not, in either form or spirit, one-hundred-per cent emanations of Grundtvig. Grundtvig himself was not at all keenly interested in form, remarking on one occasion, "It is no use to buy the cap for the baby before it is born." Such ideas about form as he had were chiefly derived from his observation of the organization and teaching methods of the

English universities (though not extension, then not invented), or such as to lead him to place much emphasis on a face-to-face relationship between teacher and taught. Grundtvig's personal observations on form must be taken as illustrative and very tentative. Actually the form taken by the folk schools, and so often described in the literature in English, appears to owe more to Christian Kold and later innovators than to Grundtvig.

Grundtvig's chief influence was in the realm of the spirit. Even here, however, his was not the sole influence at work nor, to judge from the information available, was his the predominant influence at all times and places. Grundtvig's influence was neither all-embracing nor steady. Today in Denmark a Grundtvigian revival is going on. This implies that it succeeds a period when Grundtvig's influence had slackened very considerably. The revival started during World War II as a reaction to the German occupation; and it is highly significant to our understanding of Grundtvig that it must be emphasized that he was then revived *whole* (not merely as an educationalist). Grundtvig, one soon discovers on studying him, was a man of an astonishing number of parts: historian, poet, theologian, pastor, political leader, writer on public affairs, educator, and integrating the lot, a Danish patriot. When Professor Hal Koch attempted his portrayal of the whole Grundtvig in his lectures at Copenhagen during the war, the Germans naturally took alarm; Koch had to get away from the Gestapo by dropping from a second-story window. The Grundtvigian influence has been pervasive in Denmark, but not specifically on education, and to grasp what it means in educational terms, we must try to understand its larger aspects, particularly what Grundtvig thought of man, the Danes, and the world.

Nikolaj Frederick Severin Grundtvig was born on September 8, 1783 and died on September 2, 1872, living just a few days short of 89 years. Not only did he have a long life, it was an exceptionally stormy one. Grundtvig had the kind of personality that would not have allowed him quiet in any period of history and certainly not in the time through which he lived. He bequeathed a pattern of activism. Invariably he reacted violently both to events and to currents of thought of his time, even though he often reacted long after most superficial thinkers had had their say and made their peace. It is noteworthy that intellectual issues seem to have become meaningful

to him when they impinged upon him emotionally, and only then. Although he is recalled today as fundamentally a clergyman, he did not commit himself to Christianity until he was twenty-seven years old. Even then the commitment was a beginning, not an end, for he went through a series of religious crises, all of them having not only personal but also social repercussions. Late in life he was made a Bishop—and is now ordinarily referred to as Bishop Grundtvig—but he was not permitted to exercise the functions of the office; the title was more a kind of vindication of a stormy prophet, not officially accepted over many years and on occasion subject to official censorship as a result of more than usually contentious utterances, than it was the crown of the career of a safe and "sound" servant of the church. By his fierce and outspoken honesty, he aroused many abiding enmities. What he thought and said, however, outweighs in significance the external events of his life, singular and fascinating though these were. He approached all intellectual questions as a prophet, rather than as a systematic thinker, whether he was functioning, ostensibly, as an historian, a theologian, a political thinker and leader, or an educationalist. He was a Christian *au fond*, a Dane *par excellence*, and a leader all of the time.

As is usually the case with prophets, Grundtvig's utterance was often choked. His style (judging from translated quotations and the observations of Danish commentators) could be pellucid on occasion, but it could also create difficulties for the reader. Since he was against many things, he was a skilled hammerer of his opponents and their resentment was often furious. He was an inveterate and irrepressible controversalist. As time has passed those men and institutions and ideas he opposed and hammered have often become utterly lifeless and obscure. It is therefore a bit of a problem to define his creative thinking, entangled as it is with a particularistic context. Here we shall ignore as far as possible what he was against and try to state what he was seeking to establish.

Grundtvig was a prophet of God and the Danish people. His people he largely identified with the peasantry, in his time even more than today the most numerous and economically important group in the nation. In his enthusiasm for his Danes, Grundtvig came painfully close to thinking of them as a Chosen People, only avoiding outright absurdity by conceding the right of the Germans to their German-

ness, the French to their French-ness, the English to their English-ness. Of all foreigners he liked the Germans least, though he was influenced by their thinkers, and the English most, but only after a period of disliking them intensely for their destruction of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen in 1807. What he fervently hated was any attempt by one people to impose their culture and character on another; and in the context of the Denmark of his day, this meant fervent opposition to the Germans. It is accurate to say, I think, that Grundtvig was interested in adult education as a means of reinforcing Danishness, on the one hand, and opposing the imperialism of the Germans on the other. In conceiving of adult education as a weapon he was not unique. It is odd how often in history adult education has been so conceived and used.

As one of God's prophets, Grundtvig saw the realization of Danishness as only finally possible on the basis of Christianity. He thereby introduced into his Danishness a universal note, without, however, much abating his particularism. He argued that God could only realize his purposes through man. Man is distinguished from other sentient life by his power of speech. Since man speaks in the tongue of his nationality, the expression of his Christian character and his national character are closely intertwined. The universal and the particular are closely involved with one another. Grundtvig's nationalism was a Christian nationalism; it was anything but secular. Attempts to interpret Grundtvig's educational ideas in secular terms are bound to result in distortions.

Grundtvig was a keen student of early Scandinavian history—a pioneer in some aspects of it—but he sought in his study chiefly light upon the virtues of the Northern peoples. This knowledge he felt strongly to be necessary to a correct definition of Danishness. He had strong views on foreign policy and his guiding principle was the preservation of the independence of Denmark. Although deeply influenced by German philosophy—he seems for example to have closely read J. G. Fichte's *Addresses to the German People* with its heavy emphasis on education as a means of insuring the continuity of the national character—he insisted that the Danes must resist absorption by German culture. He wrote hundreds of church hymns and many patriotic songs, not from an aesthetic motive, although some come through translation as beautiful, but to sing his Christianity and to

give expression to Danish patriotism. A partisan of paternal monarchy for a time, he eventually accepted democracy, chiefly after observing English practice, and then set about finding ways and means of making it a responsible democracy. He became a powerful advocate of English-style freedom as an essential prerequisite of personal and social development. "Liberty and activity," he said, "are the cause of the human spirit"—"the spirit worketh only in freedom"—both generalizations derived from his observations in England. He finally concluded that the decisive factor about English activity as he saw it in the 1830's and 1840's was that it developed in liberty; and observing English activity, then superabundant under the impulse of the industrial revolution, gave him a new conception of an "energetic civil life" even though not one very adaptable to Danish conditions. His answers to the life-questions he confronted, a perceptive writer has said, "were always directed toward the solution of life situations." His persistent orientation, in other words, was social; and the English conditions provided him with basic clues to the sources of the social dynamism he sought for Denmark. In this respect Grundtvig stood in sharp contrast to his more widely known Danish contemporary, one today enjoying a vogue in the English-speaking world, Soren Kierkegaard, whose emphasis was on the predicament of the isolated individual. Grundtvig emphatically disagreed with Kierkegaard. (It is an odd fact that one of Kierkegaard's brothers was a follower of Grundtvig!)

This is not the occasion for an examination of Grundtvig's thought in all its many aspects, but it is indispensable to even the loosest grasp of his educational approach to have some knowledge of his idea of man. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that anybody who thinks and acts intelligently in the field of adult education must necessarily think and act on the basis of a philosophy about man, even if only one taken over with other mental furniture from his teachers. To Grundtvig this underpinning was fundamental. Much of the failure to grasp the idea that the spirit of his vision of folk schools is more important than their form derives from a failure to understand what Grundtvig assumed about man.

Grundtvig expressed his idea of man in religious terms. After experiencing a series of religious crises he concluded that man was created by God and that this fact was not negated by his fall, the latter

part of the proposition being of great significance. To Grundtvig, man's fall was as real as the fact that he was God-created. Regeneration could only come to man through God's divine action, through God's free and unmerited grace to the repentant sinner. But regeneration of man through grace could only be understood if it was kept in mind that man was all along a God-created creature whose fundamental nature had not been completely destroyed by the fall. A Christian was, then, in Grundtvig's conception, a God-created man perfected by divine grace after repentance of sins. In his view, while all men are God-created, equally participants in the fall, some have never escaped their involvement in it, and others have. Implicit in all this was Grundtvig's acceptance of the principle of growth, of change, and of change for the better. He rejected a static conception of man, a once-and-for-all definition of his nature, as all true educationalists must. Out of this reasoning came Grundtvig's often repeated slogan, "Man first, and then Christian." This should be taken to mean, it seems, that there is a spark of the divine in *every* man, but in Christians the spark has been fanned into flame, while in ordinary men it glows but dimly. (Both, however, must be reverently served.)

A church, in Grundtvig's view, was a "faith-fellowship" of believers. They were united by an *oral* confession of faith and by the symbolic act of baptism. Grundtvig always placed a very heavy emphasis on the spoken word, arguing that it alone was the living word, as contrasted with the dead words of books. He sought out in the Bible all those words that seemed to him to record the living words of Christ and His close associates and believed that what had come down orally from the past outweighed in significance the vast intellectual structures of the theologians. (I am told that this emphasis finds expression in some very significant contemporary Protestant theology, whether on Grundtvig's example I do not know.) The emphasis on the high value of the oral word, Grundtvig carried over into adult education, as we shall see.

Grundtvig seems never to have thought of his folk schools as extensions of the church, but rather as a service to man. Nevertheless his basic religious attitudes unquestionably influenced decisively what he thought could be accomplished in the schools and provided the motivation for doing it. It was axiomatic with him that there was no satisfactory explanation of life, or any kind of higher success in life,

apart from the Christian faith. As Grundtvig saw it, man, created by God, could build a culture and a civilization, but it was only by God's grace that, attaining the right relationship to God and His values, he could thereby carry his culture and civilization to its highest possible pitch of excellence. It is clear that even when dealing with unregenerate man in the schools, Grundtvig felt he was dealing with a God-created creature, though a fallen one; and because of his dynamic conception of the person, he must always have assumed that grace could momentarily descend upon any of the students. Therefore, no matter how secular the schools might appear, they were never that to Grundtvig.

We return now to the question of Grundtvig's Danishness. He emphasized, as we have seen, that the spoken word is the only truly living word. The most living words of all men are those they speak in their native tongue. To Grundtvig this meant that Danish had a peculiarly elevated significance. What Grundtvig called "the force of life, the element of which is free activity," so admirably illustrated by English life, as noted earlier, had its "breath" in the mother tongue. Hence, Grundtvig argued, a people should be taught in their native tongue. The folk schools should, therefore, emphasize oral teaching in Danish. This position involved Grundtvig in an assault on Latin, the language of schooling in the Denmark of his day (in which he himself was expert) and also on the classical curriculum of his day, the basis of his own schooling.

For the substance of the oral teaching in the folk schools should be, Grundtvig argued, the people's culture, not a class culture, or at least a culture closer to the folk than to sophisticate culture, to use the polarity favored today by anthropologists. To Grundtvig this meant a strong emphasis on national history as the most comprehensive record of the people's experience; and on world history as the record of the experience of all mankind. History assumed a large role in Grundtvig's curriculum. History, he said, "is an exploit in which man must of necessity express his true condition, and a statement in which truth must needs pronounce its judgment on man's plans and practices. Only in history do we find man complete, insofar as he has hitherto been revealed, only in history does man reveal his substance and true shape, which may not there be concealed from the eyes of posterity." To history he thought there should be added the study of the national

literature, assumed to be the embodiment of the best that had been thought and said by men expressing the national spirit.

All that was learned had to be related to the life-situations of the pupils, for this alone was "real" learning, as contrasted with the "artificial" learning of the conventional schools. It was only from "real" learning that a discriminating sense of values for contemporary living could be derived. Such values as were to have meaning must, Grundtvig argued, be rooted in the environment in which those holding them would lead their lives. If the environment ran contrary to sound life-values (as Grundtvig was well aware it could), then it should be influenced in such a fashion as to complement them, not oppose them. The chosen weapon for doing so was education. Thus Grundtvig recognized that man approached eternity through time and it was in time that significant living had to be done. In England Grundtvig got an acute sense that the present moment was the true matrix of spiritual activity and growth, not any imagined ideal future. "The most important thing about a man," he dogmatized, "is that he himself does something which shows what he is capable of; later he can talk about what he would rather do, and how." This was to focus on life-situations with a vengeance.

A second purpose of the folk schools was to promote the practical efficiency of the individual in his work or, in other words, to insure a viable economic underpinning for the life values the schools sought to promote. Here again Grundtvig was strictly realistic. He recognized that any life-values unsupported *in this world* by personal (and, by extension, social) efficiency would of necessity be weak. He was also well aware that the mere promotion of personal and social efficiency in vocations would not, taken alone, promote sound life-values, or sustain any. The two ranges of knowledge and understanding must be so taught as logically to complement one another. This is a point widely overlooked today.

If this exposition accurately reflects Grundtvig's thinking, it is obvious that, reduced to the simplest possible terms, Grundtvig envisaged schools which would seriously set about teaching sound ideas about life and its living and also offer instruction as well in the vocational skills that would assure an adequate economic base for them. He envisaged a combined operation in liberal and vocational education. Moreover, he carried into his thinking about education ideas

derived from his thinking as a religionist and patriot, thus creating a most complex bundle of associated ideas, none of which really lives apart from all the others. It has been the human habit of taking ideas out of context and trying to use them in isolation from the context that has led to misinterpretations of Grundtvig's position.

Now it is widely recognized that the two tasks Grundtvig faced up to have all too often been totally separated in adult education, especially American adult education. The one has been allowed to develop entirely apart from the other and in the United States this has meant, historically, that vocational training has run away with adult education, leaving all concern for values to a few disconsolate souls on the periphery of the field. Indeed in the United States the two areas have been so decisively dissociated by historical developments that there is an element of striking novelty in associating them together.

But it so happens that at this very moment a great deal of attention is being given by adult educators to the problem of closing, or at least narrowing, the gap between the two wings of adult education and to defining in contemporary terms what must be done with regard to cultural orientation. The fundamental meaning of Grundtvig to us today, therefore, is that he ratifies the point that the two wings are necessary if adult education is ever to rise to its proper level of public utility and regard; and that he provides us with a historical definition of the task of challenging complexity and density.

Grundtvig tells us once again that in addition to skills which enable men to be something (i.e., express themselves vocationally with competence and success), men also need the knowledge which will enable them to *be* (i.e., realize their full character as men). Implicitly he warns us that men who are only able to be *something* (doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, advertising men, junior executives, or bond salesmen) are little apt to lead meaningful and satisfying lives, either personal or social. The world to survive must have *men* as well as "hands" or operatives on which the economist can calculate, for without men capable of being, the "hands" are totally inadequate for the task of sustaining civilization. Or, using the ideas of Ortega y Gasset, "hands" degenerate into "masses" which live within civilization but are not truly participating members of it. Grundtvig sought to insure that his Danes were men capable of being, not prospective integers

of masses, and the particularities in which he wrapped up his perceptions and statements should not blind us either to the essential truth of what he so tempestuously uttered or to the difficulty of using his prescription under the conditions of contemporary life in the mass democracies.

The Raft

By LeGarde S. Doughty

The barrier island shuts terror from the marsh hen's nest.

But if you lie supine it opens another ocean.
Shrubs are confusion of seaweeds shining with iodine;
and little fruits do not hang, but sit like candles.
Gulls are flyingfish swimming inversely in air,
rashly close to the height of their element,
for the blue bed is deeper than cirrous clouds
drifting at thousands of fathoms.

Two oceans come together like spatial cups,
green and blue;
they are not one, only because a ruffled integument
of water makes division.

And the strip of sand is a raft
keeping the lost beholder
from sinking either up or down.

LeGarde S. Doughty, whose poetry and fiction have appeared in a number of literary reviews, died last October in Atlanta.

Discussion - - - -

AUTOMATION: A UNION GRAVY TRAIN?

By WILLIAM R. MIZELLE

Despite the fact that automation to date has meant more and better jobs for labor, union spokesmen howl calamity whenever the subject is mentioned. One wonders whether informed union leaders really believe their own dire warnings against automation. A recent article by United Auto Workers representative James Stern in the *Antioch Review* (winter, 1956-57) is revealing on this score.

Paying the lip-service to progress that endows union forebodings with an air of judicious impartiality, the article admits that "Automation increases productivity enormously. Output per unit of floor space and potential maximum output per plant are greatly increased. . . . Automatic control of operations decreases safety hazards. Physical effort on automated jobs is almost eliminated. Quality of product is improved. Inventory investment is decreased and lead time on orders reduced."

But the author then gave an exhaustively detailed description of recent auto plant closures and job shifts in Detroit, prefaced with a qualifying comment that almost gets lost: "Did automation close those plants? . . . Not directly."

Professing to show further along that automation leads to unemployment, the UAW spokesman says, "Petroleum refining production has increased while employment declined steadily. There were 147,000 workers in petroleum [sic] in 1948; 142,000 in 1953; and 132,000 in 1955." Dr. Stern, a Ph.D. in economics, is bound to know he was leading his readers astray; these Bureau of Labor Statistics figures apply only to one branch of the oil industry, and the years he cites are chosen to make the employment curve appear to go down. Bureau of Labor Statistics data which Dr. Stern does *not* cite show that from 1946 to 1955, with automation in refining, employment in the petroleum industry as a whole *rose a full 40 per cent.*

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As a matter of fact, there were not 132,000 "workers in petroleum" in 1955, *but 1,650,000.*

As another matter of fact, statistics for any brace of years chosen arbitrarily can be misleading. Here is a truer picture: for the entire period during which automation has been growing in petroleum refining—that is, ever since 1920—employment in oil refineries *has increased 177 per cent.*

Dr. Stern's article also cites carefully selected statistics that appear to show a steady decline in workers employed in rubber tire and tube production, implying that automation is gobbling up the tiremakers' jobs. As a matter of fact, the same statistical trick, with the same tables of figures, can be used to show that, (1) employment in rubber tire and tube production in 1955 was at 115,000 workers, as against 105,000 in 1949, (2) total rubber industry employment in 1955 was at 272,000 workers, as against 230,000 in 1949. The truth is that rubber employment has been nearly as bouncy as the industry's product since 1948 or before, but the bounces have little or nothing to do with automation.

Dr. Stern says further that "steel production and employment show [downward] trends remarkably similar to those of auto." As a matter of fact, steel works, blast furnaces and rolling mills employed 644,000 people in September, 1957, as against 550,000 in 1949.

But enough of that. It is obvious that the UAW spokesman chose his figures to suit his premise while other figures disproving it were staring him in the face. A dozen other such statistical half-truths in the article round out the picture of one of Reuther's boys crying "Wolf!" without any such animal in sight.

There's another indication that Dr. Stern doesn't really believe "workerless factories" will mushroom to put a significant number of American workers out on the bricks. He unobtrusively hedges by saying such evils would descend on us *if* general automation came overnight—as he knows it won't. "Sudden change generates frictions that frequently burn those who are close on the scene," he observes, and he refers later to "socially undesirable by-products of rapid change." And, he hints, "Dramatic changes in technology frequently have, as immediate by-products, unfortunate consequences for the workers involved."

As a matter of fact, automation in American industry does not and cannot come as a "sudden, dramatic change." Transfer machines, feedback controls and various automatic and electronic thought-savers have been coming gradually into use for a good many years. In the operating telephone companies, automatic dialing has been in general use for over 30 years (and employment, incidentally, has risen by more than 130 per cent).

For several reasons, the division of labor between manpower and

automated machine-power must continue at a moderate rate despite even the urgent needs of our missile builders. Automation can't proceed any faster than the change can be financed, the necessary devices developed, built and installed, and men trained to operate and service them. This isn't fast enough to jostle America's employment balance.

"Automation will and should bring about a reallocation of job opportunities," testified York Corporation Vice President Marshall G. Munce at Congressional hearings recently. "People will shift from lines of work in which their services are no longer needed to satisfy the wants of society to other and often better jobs."

However, an authoritative appraisal of the industries "ripe for automation" in the near future shows that their employment accounts for only *eight per cent* of the total labor force. The same authority (the University of Chicago's Richard L. Meier) has calculated that it is unlikely that total employment in any one of these "ripe" industries, which employ about five million people, could be reduced as much as 50 per cent *in the next 20 years*. So job reallocation due to automation evidently won't affect more than two and a half million jobs in the next two decades.

Meanwhile, the labor force is continually reallocating itself. In manufacturing, during typical prosperous years, more than two per cent of the labor force voluntarily quit their jobs *each month*. This turnover, combined with job shifts and replacements within the labor force, amounts to more than eight million job changes per month. This normal flux is therefore nearly *800 times greater* than the maximum job reallocations that automation could cause, and can absorb automation's effects with hardly a ripple in the nation's general employment level.

Even where automatic control devices gradually reduce the number of employees needed in an individual plant, the average work force reduction is considerably less than the average number who leave voluntarily, retire or die during the same period of time. So automation needn't displace any individual employees at all.

America's labor leaders have all these facts at their disposal. They are equally aware that the growth of every new industry or industrial development in the past has led to broader and better job opportunities. They know also that America's survival in a missile age, as well as the continued progress of our peacetime economy, demand automation. So what is the real reason union high commanders are so vociferous about automation's alleged dangers? Again, a look at Dr. Stern's *Antioch Review* article is enlightening.

"The UAW believes . . . that automation provides such great wealth that it would be socially irresponsible and morally unforgivable

if some of the new abundance . . . is not devoted to the smoothing of the transition for the workers," the article says. Dr. Stern goes on to speak frankly of UAW aims to make automation shifts "more costly . . . more expensive" to American industry as a means to the union's ends.

These ends include, in brief, steeply increased pay scales for operating automatic equipment, preferential hiring for workers "displaced, even though this requires extensive retraining," increased automatic anual pay raises, a shorter work week (which with necessary overtime is another form of disguised pay raise), and enormous broadening of unemployment compensation laws. On this point, the article observes ruefully that "in all states but one, a man must be actively seeking work to qualify for benefits."

What Dr. Stern says the UAW demands is a national law, based on the pattern proved unworkable in Michigan, providing a 40-hour-a-week training course for 40 weeks, at the taxpayers' expense, for every out-of-work union man who can qualify. During this course, the man wouldn't even be looking for a job.

"However, there is another barrier to such a retraining program," Dr. Stern complains. "People think unemployment compensation benefits should not be granted for income maintenance purposes during a period when a person laid off from a job . . . could be trained for a new one." In other words, Dr. Stern feels that while we taxpayers are paying for the UAW member's nine-month course, we also should pay him a salary, as if he had gone out and taken another job where his services might be badly needed.

Between the lines, this says that at least some union leaders smell money in automation, and they feel they have America over a barrel. They know America has to automate, and they intend to take advantage of it to charge the nation's economy all the traffic will bear. They see automation as a promising gravy train, and they want the richest ride the public will stand for. They figure that the louder they wail about the supposed perils of automation, the more they can squeeze out as their price for permitting progress.

Russian propagandists are fond of sneering at America and our working people as "decadent," "soft" and "money-mad." With their sputniks in orbit over United States soil, how the Kremlin's rocketeers must chuckle at United States union attitudes on automation, which must seem to them to bear these sneering charges out in full.

Adam

By Leonard Wolf

This is how it really happened: she ate; he ate,
Then they tumbled down into a swoon.
While they slept, the angels came and set
Everything different in the stately room.

Waking, he noticed that the furniture
Had been taken away. The Louis XVIth bed,
The *escritoire* and Irish linen were
Gone, but the Salvation Army had

Sent other things. Weakly, the morning came
Like failing light. He tried to pray
But would not, when she stirred against him
In a curious and awkward way

That roused him to her woeful loveliness:
Part child, part woman and part nakedness.

Leonard Wolf's poetry has appeared in a wide variety of magazines. He teaches English at San Francisco State College.

Books - - - -

ORIENTAL DESPOTISM AND MODERN TOTALITARIANISM

By WILLIAM PETERSEN

One of the best discussions of "the Russian question," paradoxically, is not about Russia except incidentally. Rather, it attempts to define a whole genus of totalitarian societies of which the Communist is but one species. This is Karl A. Wittfogel's *Oriental Despotism: A Comparative Study of Total Power* (Yale University Press, 1957), a work that has been received with superlatives such as are seldom seen in scholarly journals. George Peter Murdock, one of the top three or four names in American anthropology, hailed it as "a truly great book, one of the major contributions to the science of man in our time," which "may conceivably outrank the entire corpus of theoretical literature in political science." Richard L. Walker, a distinguished young historian of the Far East, called it "one of the truly significant intellectual achievements of our age." *Oriental Despotism*, moreover, is not limited in its appeal to anthropologists and sinologists. It has the virtues of both a monograph and a popularization, combining as it does a painstakingly scholarly attention to minute detail with a constant awareness of the broadest and most important historical questions. In this review-essay, I shall not presume to add my praise to that of the specialists. My purpose is more modest—to present the argument of the work and discuss its relevance to contemporary totalitarianism.

The main theme of Wittfogel's work relates to the common subject matter of all of the social sciences, the development of human society and culture. According to the theory of Oriental despotism which he has revived in this book, agriculture developed into two fundamental types, that based on rain and that based on irrigation. Rain-agriculture, the dominant type in all of the Western world, was the economic base for a dispersed peasantry with a minimum of social cohesion. Irrigation-agriculture, the foundation for the great civilizations of the ancient Near East, India, China, and pre-Columbian America, gave rise to a different kind of society: to establish

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and maintain great irrigation and flood-control works required a much greater degree of social control. A leading stratum had to keep a record of available manpower, recruit it when necessary, assign it to designated jobs, both the direct construction or maintenance of irrigation dams and channels and such subsidiary tasks as assembling building materials or food. In a hydraulic civilization, as Wittfogel terms one based on irrigation-agriculture, those whose function it was to administer the complex task of maintaining the irrigation works were uniquely prepared to wield supreme political power. Once the institutional framework of bureaucratic control over the whole of the society was established for one purpose, it spread from this to others. Indeed, it had to be applied to military operations; a people based on rain-agriculture could flee before a stronger foe, but one that had spent generations in building irrigation works had to try to defend them. Hydraulic civilizations built Great Walls and other massive defense works, as well as highways and postal systems that provided, given the technological level, excellent communications across enormous empires. Corvée labor was also used to construct grandiose monuments—palaces, temples, tombs—to the glorification of the despotic ruler.

The type of society that typically evolved from such a system of agriculture can be delineated by contrasting it with the feudalism of medieval Europe, with which it has many features in common. The keynote of feudalism was decentralization, the diffusion of power in many competing hands. The king, the titular head of the state, had a contractual relation with his vassals, who owed him so much allegiance but no more and were jealous of their own prerogatives. In certain periods the church was more powerful than the emperor, and in late feudalism the free cities were sometimes more powerful than either. That is to say, the liberal political principle of a balanced system of competing institutions that check each other's tendency to develop total power, although it is usually seen as a revolt against feudal absolutism, in a broader perspective is also a continuation and conscious formulation of the decentralization that characterized medieval Europe.

The keynote of hydraulic civilizations, on the other hand, is centralization. All power derives from the bureaucratic apparatus, and in most cases from the person of the despot. His "vassals" owe him total and immediate obedience, and symbolize their utter degradation by such rituals as prostrating themselves before him. Religion is not an antagonistic or even an independent force, but is assimilated as the state's main ideology; in the most developed form of hydraulic civilization, the head of the state is also the god to be worshipped. The commercial bourgeoisie who established the free cities of medieval Europe have a partial counterpart, for example,

in the gentry of medieval China. When private property exists under Oriental despotism, however, it is a source of personal revenue but never of class power, and in many instances no private property exists even in this limited sense. In short, in a hydraulic civilization the state is stronger than society. That Wittfogel, contrary to some other authorities, prefers to distinguish European "feudalism" from "Oriental despotism" is thus not the consequence of a mere whim.[1] His terminology emphasizes the political differences rather than the economic similarities, and it thus links the historical past more relevantly to a present in which political factors are more significant.

Oriental despotism, once it had developed from a base of irrigation-agriculture, itself became an article of export. A number of societies—ancient Greece and Rome in their period of decline, Moorish Spain, Czarist Russia—became "hydraulic" in their political structure even though they lacked the original technological base. The elements of Oriental despotism that infiltrated also into the Western world did not transform this society, for the heterogeneous institutional structure and the diffusion of power that it ensured were too firm to be upset—at least before the establishment of fascism.[2]

The details Wittfogel has gathered from the dozen major hydraulic civilizations may at first seem bewildering in their wide variety, but they fall into a consistent pattern of social structure. At the peak of the society stands the despot. "In China all legislative, executive and judicial powers belonged to the emperor." In spite of his constitutionally unlimited power—or because of it—the despot is in constant fear of his life.

> The *Arthashastra* [a political manual of ancient India] specifies the dangers which surround the ruler, and it discusses the many means by which they can be averted. His residence must be made safe. Measures must be taken against poisoning. All members of his entourage must be watched and controlled. The king must spy on his prime minister. He must beware of his close friends, of his wives, of his brothers, and most particularly of his heir apparent. According to an authority frequently quoted in the classic of

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[1]See the discussion of this point in Pan-American Union, *Irrigation Civilization: A Comparative Study* (Washington, D.C., 1955).

[2]It is worth remarking that Germany and Italy, the two great Western states that succumbed to totalitarianism, had achieved national unity only late in the nineteenth century, and that the frenetic nationalism of the fascist leaders was at least in part an index of continuing disunity, a desperate attempt to weld Prussia with Bavaria (where the folk word for cockroach is "Prussian"), or Piedmont with Campagna.

> Indian despotism, "Princes, like crabs, have a notorious tendency of eating up their begetters."

The personal entourage of the despot and his civil and military bureaucracies constitute the ruling class of a hydraulic civilization. They live well, but dangerously.

> A statistical study of the officials of the first long-lasting dynasty of imperial China, Han, shows that among those whose careers can be traced in some detail about 21 per cent at one time or another were imprisoned for derelictions during their official career, and about 35 per cent died a violent death outside the battlefield. More than 12 per cent were murdered or died after torture in prison, 14 per cent were executed, and 9 per cent committed suicide.

While the plots and counterplots are densest close to the center of power, they reverberate throughout the society. In an atmosphere of absolute power, where secrecy and conspiracy are normal, the despot or his agent can easily have anyone he designates labeled a conspirator.

> A middle-class "traitor" might be framed in several ways. An agent could commit a murder on a businessman's doorstep. The owner could then be arrested and his goods and money appropriated [pre-Columbian Mexico]. Or an agent could smuggle counterfeit money, tools for counterfeiting, or poison into the house of the potential victim, or plant a sign of allegiance to some other king on his property, or produce a "letter" from an enemy of the state [ancient India].

Any contact with civil authority is dangerous, to be avoided if at all possible.

> In Pharaonic Egypt beating was a regular adjunct of judicial procedures. "He was examined with the rod" was standard phrasing in the New Kingdom. . . . Beginning with the reign of El Mançour [of the Abbasid caliphate], when a person is urgently summoned to the palace by the guards of the caliph, he feels that he has a good chance not to return alive. He makes his testament, says farewell to his family, and carries his shroud under his arm.

One way by which the social system of hydraulic civilizations has spread is through military conquest. Within a single generation the ancient Persians, for example, extended their rule over the four neighboring countries of Media, Lydia, Babylonia, and Egypt. In each case they abolished the ruling houses and substituted their own provincial governors, or satraps. While these were subordinate to the Persian despot, they often had a wide range of personal discretion.

> The heterogeneity and size of their new acquisitions compelled the Persian conquerors to give their satraps unusual freedom in the handling of political affairs. A satrap . . . commanded militia-like levies raised in his territory. He administered the taxes of his province. He maintained diplomatic relations with neighboring states. . . . Surrounded by his court, he ruled with kinglike splendor. This quasi-royal status of the satrap was actively encouraged by the Persian sovereign, who apparently considered this as good a way as any to maintain his prestige in distant regions. . . .
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> A satrap might be a native of the region over which he had jurisdiction. . . . Princes who voluntarily accepted Persian sovereignty were generally permitted to continue ruling as vassals. Like satraps and subsatraps, they owed the Great King military services and tribute.

Nine-tenths of the text of *Oriental Despotism* has no mention of contemporary totalitarianism, but the pattern of life in these ancient civilizations cannot fail to remind the reader of yesterday's news story about life in the Soviet Union. Indeed, the parallel is so close that the reader may well wonder how it is that no one had pointed to it before Wittfogel wrote this book. The reason is that the resemblance was seen also by Soviet Orientalists, who have done their best to obscure the whole matter. By now every literate person knows that scholarship as well as industry has been nationalized in the Soviet Union, and that disputes over genetics, linguistics, mathematics, or whatever, are as likely to stem from political conflicts as to reflect scientific differences. The editors of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*, the most authoritative general reference work in the Soviet world, have passed over the volume containing the fateful letters St-, waiting in the hope that the Party will be able to decide definitely on the deeds, character, and political significance of the last *Vozhd*.[3] That such distortions of the truth occur is by now a commonplace, but I have never seen a better analysis of a specific example than in Chapter 9 of *Oriental Despotism*.

The excessive simplicity of the nineteenth-century theory of unilinear cultural evolution was in part the consequence of a deliberate effort to quash a conceptual differentiation between the West and the Orient. A number of nineteenth-century European thinkers were aware of a deviant type, which they termed, variously, "the Asiatic model of government," "Oriental despotism," "Asiatic society," "the Asiatic mode of production," and so on. Marx, for example, divided *Western* society into the three major stages of ancient, feudal, and capitalist, in which the major social classes were, respectively, slave-owners and slaves, feudal landowners and serfs, and

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[3]On February 14, after this review was in type, volume 40 of the Encyclopedia containing the new five-page report on Stalin appeared, two years after its scheduled publication.

bourgeois industrialists and the proletariat. But at least in his early writings he also included a fourth major socio-economic order, a specific "Asiatic mode of production."

This concept of Oriental despotism, though it appeared in the writings of a number of political economists, was never developed. For "bourgeois" writers like John Stuart Mill, it was peripheral to their main interest, the political economy of the West; and for Marx and Engels and their socialist followers, it struck too close to home. If the ruling class of a society is defined by the *ownership* of the means of production, as in the Marxist formula, then the nationalization of all productive property creates, simply and expeditiously, a classless society. The utility of such a formula for socialist propaganda is obvious, but its relevance to the present-day world is less so. As Berle and Means demonstrated a quarter of a century ago in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, it is the professional bureaucratic staff rather than the formal owners of shares of stock that controls a corporation today. The necessity of emphasizing *control* rather than ownership is even greater with respect to Nazi Germany, where some businessmen were permitted to run their businesses—like satraps—in accordance with the Party's purposes. And in the Soviet Union, finally, where the private ownership of the means of production has been abolished, neglecting the question of control can lead only to a total lack of understanding.

The socialist thinkers of a century ago could not, of course, be blamed if they had failed to foresee these modern developments. The point is rather that they foresaw them all too well. If in "Asiatic" civilizations the state's control of the rest of society had given rise to a bureaucratic ruling class, then how could a socialist guarantee that the state control of the means of production that he advocated would not develop in the same direction? Hammered by the anarchist Bakunin, who charged that the socialist state that Marx envisaged "begets despotism on the one hand and slavery on the other," Marx found it convenient to neglect the concept of Oriental despotism. It gradually disappeared from his works and those of Engels. Fifty years later, Lenin was pommeled on the same point by the Menshevik Plekhanov, and his response was the same. Once he had written, "Socialism is better than capitalism, but *capitalism is better than* medievalism, small production and *a bureaucracy connected with the dispersed character of the small producers.*" But from *Imperialism* and *State and Revolution* on, the very notion of Oriental despotism disappeared from his works.

Marx and Engels displayed a perceptible uneasiness about their intellectual dishonesty, and this was true also of Lenin, though to a lesser degree. Under Stalin, however, the Communist ideologists knew that the concept of the managerial-bureaucratic "Asiatic" state ultimately had to

wither away. The impetus was given by Stalin himself, who edited Marx's works, as Wittfogel says, "with a meat cleaver," and finally in 1950 the outstanding achievement in Oriental studies was cited as "the rout of the notorious theory of the 'Asiatic mode of production.'" Following this revision of the Party's line, fellow-travelers all over the world—including, as Wittfogel shows with quotations from their works, Owen Lattimore in this country and the well-known archeologist V. Gordon Childe in England—expunged from their writings all mention of Oriental despotism and edited this to "feudalism." In the Soviet Union, typically, the revision was pushed back in time: in the official translations of Lenin's works *krepostnichestvo*, which means "bondage," is always rendered as "feudalism."

The damage that Marxists and their progressive hangers-on have done by the suppression of the theory of Oriental despotism is indicated by the range of new problems opened up with Wittfogel's revival of it. Marxists of all schools have been woefully deficient in their analysis of the key political phenomenon of our age, totalitarianism. Until the day that he was murdered by one of its agents, Trotsky insisted that the Soviet Union was "a degenerated workers' state." Throughout the Western world Communist-controlled organizations succeeded in guiding the revulsion from Nazism of socialists and liberals into an acceptance of two fundamental errors—that fascism is the culminating type, the final stage, of capitalist degeneration, and that Communism is its polar opposite. This Popular Front doctrine of "Anti-Fascism" was perhaps the most momentous intellectual fraud of modern history. The left-right political continuum, derived originally from the seating order in European parliaments and applicable only to differences within the Western world, was stretched to include these intrusions from an alien genus of societies.

How the Soviet state is defined makes a very great difference in Western policy toward it. If it is seen as an aberration from the Western pattern, then we need only wait for it to revert to its norm. Since industrialization has brought about increased democracy in the West, we must then rejoice in the increasing industrialization in the Soviet Union, anticipating a similar consequence there. But if more industry means only more military power for a country whose antipathy to the West will remain unchanged, then the successes of the five-year plans are our defeats. More broadly, if the trend of Soviet society is toward democratization, then Western policy should facilitate this transformation in every way; but if not, then a soft foreign policy merely builds up a stronger enemy.

Two recent developments have stimulated another widespread discussion on the perennial theme of the fundamental nature of Communism. Within the Soviet Union itself, events since Stalin's death in March 1953

have posed the question of whether, with the disappearance of one tyrant, tyranny itself might not also be lessened. More significantly, the variation among the several Communist states—the differences between the parental Soviet Union and the several offspring, Mao's China, or Gomulka's Poland, or Tito's Yugoslavia—suggests a greater complexity than can be encompassed within the term monistic totalitarianism. Whether we speak of the Soviet Union or of the Soviet orbit, the issue is not whether there have been changes during the past several years. No one doubts that there have been. That these changes in the Party line suggest previous ones, moreover, is relevant, but not decisive. Three times since 1917—during the NEP in the 1920's, the Popular Front in the 1930's, and the Grand Alliance of the 1940's—a large segment of Western opinion was convinced that the Bolshevik revolution was finally over, that the Soviet threat to the rest of the world was a thing of the past; but if this interpretation was overoptimistic on three past occasions, is it warranted today? It is still necessary, in Bertram Wolfe's cogent phrase, to distinguish between changes in the system and "within-system changes," or—what amounts to the same thing—to define the nature of the Soviet state. It is not capitalist. It is not socialist, at least as this term was understood by Marx. What is it, then?

Identifying the Soviet state as one species within the genus *Oriental Despotism* can help us considerably in understanding the basic nature of modern totalitarianism, but this does not give a complete answer to "the Russian question." There are fundamental similarities but also significant differences. If we take Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union as prototypes of the modern totalitarian state, how does this differ from a classical hydraulic society like ancient China?

First, in the central importance of the Party in present-day totalitarianism. The Party is *the* institution of power, and a personal despot like Hitler or Stalin rules by reason of his control of its organization. It is useful, I think, to make this central role of the Party one criterion in the definition of fascism or totalitarianism; and in that case, such absolutist regimes as Horthy's Hungary were not fascist, and even Spain, where the Falange is decidedly subordinate to the military dictator and even to the church, is a borderline case. That the political element is dominant means that the economy is subordinate: Marx and all other economic determinists must be turned on their heads if their analyses are to be applied to societies like the Soviet Union.

Secondly, the rule by terror is supplemented and reinforced by a powerful ideology. The essential feature of a modern totalitarian program is the "dialectical" justification of the Party's highly privileged position by universalist slogans. In our hatred of Hitler, we are too likely to forget that he

established power in part by eliminating Germany's overwhelming social problem, her millions of unemployed, and that the socialist element of National Socialism remained even after the Roehm purge. The fact that modern dictators maintain control also by offering the masses pie in the sky—and occasionally giving them bread on earth—means that, *on paper*, a portion of their program is all but indistinguishable from that of a liberal state. As we know from the Popular Front period—and from its incipient revival today—this similarity in superficial programmatic elements facilitates the infiltration and subversion of democratic institutions.

Thirdly, modern totalitarian states are, or want to be, industrial powers. "Communism," said Lenin, "is Soviet authority plus electrification." We might paraphrase him and define totalitarianism as Oriental despotism strengthened and changed by industrialism. The power for good or evil is enormously enhanced by modern technology, and the process of industrialization in itself transforms a society. The migration from countryside to town, which is also a social movement from agriculture to industry, means that certain features of classical Oriental despotism are decidedly altered. Universal literacy, for example, is a convenient if not a necessary base from which to develop the technical elite on which industry depends. Moreover, if everyone can read, and if all reading matter is a state monopoly, the possibility of control by mass persuasion is greater, and the more expensive terror machine can be reserved for emergencies and recalcitrant minorities.

Fourthly, the modern hydraulic state is literally totalitarian. In the classical version, the despot maintained absolute control over the essential features of his domain, but he did not bother about the bits of freedom remaining in odd corners. The absolutism of Tsarist Russia, for example, floated on top of an agricultural society where the *mir* had a degree of local authority, where even the serf was assured that he could remain all his life in his home village. Not only did Stalin bring Russian agriculture under direct and complete Party control, exerted in every region through the Machine Tractor Station, but he went to enormous lengths of terror in order to settle the Kalmuks and other nomadic tribes on his collectivized farms. Hitler, similarly, could not bear to see the German countryside cluttered with Gypsies, who were not even a useful scapegoat and were sent to the gas chambers in the name of neatness. A place for everyone, and everyone in his place—this is a slogan that has a wide appeal to liberals brought up to abhor "the tragedy of waste." Some years ago, Sidney Hook wrote an essay differentiating between socialists who came to the movement out of a love of freedom and those motivated by a desire for order, and he pointed out that it was the second type that facilitated the alliance of socialism with totalitarianism.

Is there a fifth difference, that the modern totalitarian state is inherently unstable while hydraulic societies were not? On this vital point, I believe, the two are identical. "The history of human freedom," Wittfogel warns us, "must face this fundamental empirical fact: among the world's higher pre-industrial civilizations, hydraulic society, the most despotic of them, has outlasted all others." The plots, the conspiracies, the purges, the murders that are a routine element of Soviet officialdom, seem to a Westerner to indicate an always imminent downfall of the regime. But this is only because he does not recognize these traits as characteristic of a different genus of society.

RISE AND DECLINE OF THE RUSSIAN THEATER

By N. Bryllion Fagin

Reading Gorchakov's lucid and carefully-documented history of the Soviet theater[1] has reminded me of my visit to the Soviet Union in the summer of 1932, mainly for the purpose of studying its theater, generally considered the best in the world at the time. I remember stopping in front of the Bolshoi in Moscow with a group of American tourists who "Oh'd" and "Ah'd" at the magnificence of the building. A similar thing happened in Odessa in front of the Gorodskoi, a replica of the Paris Opera House. My fellow-tourists had accepted in good faith the "information" supplied by our official Intourist guides that these structures were indications of what the Soviet society had achieved for the arts. It never occurred to the enthusiastic Americans to inquire just when these theaters had been built. They assumed that Rusia before the Bolshevik Revolution had had no arts, just

[1] *The Theater in Soviet Russia.* By Nikolai A. Gorchakov. Columbia University Press, 1957. $10.

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as most Americans today, surprised and baffled by reports of the spectacular achievements of Russian scientists, assume that pre-Soviet Russia had had neither scientists nor science. Perhaps they should not be expected to have heard the names of Lomonosov, the eighteenth-century chemist, metallurgist and philologist; Prince Kropotkin, as eminent a geographer as he was a revolutionist; and Metchnikoff, the biologist; but surely they must remember Mendeleyev, whose Periodic Law they must have come upon in school, and Pavlov, the man who "invented" the conditioned reflex.

The fact is that the Russian theater was a going concern in the days of the Tsars; it had beautiful buildings, great actors, directors, scenic designers, and playwrights. The Soviets inherited a rich tradition; they made use of it, at first, but soon began to distort it, and finally "liquidated" it. The process was a gradual one. The founding fathers of the New Order were men bred in the old tradition, but the new men—the "Gletkins" of Arthur Koestler's novel *Darkness at Noon*—are not burdened by humanist memories; they have only a party line to guide them. It is significant that in forty years of Soviet theater not one dramatist has appeared who can take his place besides those of Griboyedov, Gogol, Turgenev, Ostrovsky, Tolstoy and Chekhov.

Lest this historical summary be misunderstood as a defense of tsarism, it seems necessary to add that it isn't. Tsarism, by its cruelty and stupidity, made its overthrow inevitable. But its tyranny was never as absolute, and certainly never as efficient, as the Bolshevik dictatorship, and it permitted the existence of a class which dreamed and even fought for changes in the social and political life of the empire. This class respected Western culture, cherished its own humane and cultural traditions, and managed to support a variety of artistic movements which had vision and vigor. Its theater, like the nineteenth-century theater everywhere in Europe, had its shortcomings, but its two Imperial houses—the Alexandrinsky in St. Petersburg and the Maly in Moscow—produced both the Russian and Western European classic dramatists, and treated them with respect. By the end of the century it developed, like France, Germany and England, an insurgent movement, militantly in rebellion against the outworn forms of the conventional theater.

Gorchakov is wise in devoting his first chapter to a resumé of the nineteenth-century theater and the second to the founding and activities of the Moscow Art Theater from 1897 to October, 1917. He is brilliant in his exposition of Stanislavsky's aims and methods, about which much nonsense has been written, and he presents a wealth of material on the theories of acting and production which revolutionized the Russian stage and had a strong impact on the stages of the world. He is remiss in overlooking the growth of the amateur theater, out of which the Moscow Art Theater developed, and which, in the first decade of the twentieth century, was widespread in

the provincial cities and towns throughout Russia. He devotes but one brief paragraph to it. For that matter, he has so little to say about theater in the provinces that one is justified in assuming that the scheme of his book did not call for an account of theatrical activity outside of St. Petersburg (later Petrograd and, still later, Leningrad) and Moscow.

The Moscow Art Theater became, in the words of Gorchakov, "a theater of psychological profundity." It produced Tolstoy (both Leo and Alexei), Griboyedov, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Gorky, Andreyev, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Shakespeare and, of course, Chekhov. In fact, it "produced" Chekhov in two senses, in that by staging his plays with sincerity, understanding and skill it helped to develop the modest writer of short stories, who thought of his playwrighting as the inept indulgence of an amateur, into a first-rate dramatist. It trained superb actors whose ensemble work became the marvel of the world, and brilliant directors who later struck out for themselves in theaters which sought new artistic directions.

These actors and directors entered the Soviet theater with enthusiasm. Vsevolod Meyerhold took up cubism, constructivism and socialist realism; Alexander Tairov experimented with colors and rhythms; Vakhtangov strove to synthesize Stanislavsky's psychological realism and Meyerhold's dynamic theatricality. Anatoli Lunacharsky, himself an established playwright, as the first People's Commissar for Enlightenment, supported much of this experimentation, which was a carry-over from the pre-Revolutionary theater. He insisted that the "attainments of the old culture must be preserved and made the property of all." Tairov's theater opened with Oscar Wilde's *Salome*; the Moscow Art Theater with Byron's *Cain*; Meyerhold in Leningrad produced Molière's *Le médicin malgré lui*; Vakhtangov staged Dickens's *The Cricket on the Hearth*; and Alexander Blok, the symbolist poet, as chairman of repertory in Petrograd, defended the production of classical plays on the ground that they alone were able to educate the people.

The first decade of Revolutionary theater was rich in innovation, in the use of all the resources of an inherited cultural tradition for the benefit of a vastly enlarged theater public. Theaters sprang up in workers' halls and army barracks, in peasants' communes, public parks and athletic clubs. Magazines devoted to reporting and discussion of theater activities blossomed forth all over Russia. The country was teeming with excitement, and foreign theater workers turned their eyes toward Russia like devout Mohammedans turning toward Mecca; foreign critics, playwrights, directors made pilgrimages and returned with tales of wonder which they published as books and articles and blueprints of new techniques, directions and enterprises.

But the second decade struck and, as Gorchakov reports it, "the full-

scale Bolshevik offensive against the theater began." Meyerhold, "without whose work before the Revolution the flourishing of the Soviet theater could never have taken place," found himself attacked as a former tsarist hireling; Tairov's Kamerny Theater was branded as "bourgeois"; and the Moscow Art was chastised as a stronghold of "petty-bourgeois liberalism" and "the ideology of the merchants." Gorchakov, who once worked as Meyerhold's assistant, is too categorical in his claim that Meyerhold's services to the pre-Revolutionary theater made the flourishing of the Soviet theater possible. No single man could be credited with that much. But the cracking down by the party hacks on art in general, and especially on any play or production which did not spell out the lessons of "dialectical materialism," destroyed the theaters of Meyerhold, Stanislavsky, Tairov, Vakhtangov and Mikhail Chekhov. The personal tragedy of Meyerhold is part of the tragedy of the Soviet theater. In June, 1939 he was haled before the All-Union Congress of directors and excoriated as a "formalist." He had the temerity to defend himself. He admitted that he had made mistakes, but, then, every experimenter makes them. Then came his bombshell: "In my heart," he said, "I consider what is now taking place in our theaters frightful and pitiful. And I do not know what it is—anti-formalism, realism, naturalism, or any other 'ism.' But I do know it is untalented and bad. The pitiful and wretched thing that pretends to the title of the theater of socialist realism has nothing in common with art." The next day he disappeared, and two weeks later his wife and leading lady, Zinaida Raikh, was found murdered in her apartment.

I remember Meyerhold telling me proudly in 1932 that every member of his company, including himself, was a Communist; evidently this did not help him, any more than it saved Bukharin, Radek, Rykov, Tukhachevsky or Beria. Stanislavsky presumably was not officially a Communist, and he was not liquidated, but his end impresses me as more ignominious than Meyerhold's. On November 7, 1937, a year before he died, he is reported to have written: "Comrade Stalin is the genuine and solicitous friend of everything living and progressive; always foresees and anticipates everything. How much he has done for us actors! Thanks to him for all of it!" Gorchakov notes that the style of this tribute is strikingly similar to that of the then secretary of the theater's party section. Even so, Meyerhold is remembered with a braver epitaph.

I have said little of Soviet playwrights. There have been many talented people among them, but the party ideologists prescribed both the subject matter and the treatment. There was a spate of plays about collectivization, the fulfillment of agricultural and industrial quotas, and the liquidation of the kulaks; there were plays about turbines, about bourgeois intellectuals,

engineers, biologists, professors, who fail to understand and cooperate with the party; there were plays about Russian heroes, pre-and-post-Revolutionary, Stenka Razin, Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible, Stalin; and there have been plays about Western capitalists, imperialists, warmongers and Western decadence and corruption. The talents of Mayakovsky, Erdman, Afinogenov, Kirshon and numerous other playwrights were stunted, inhibited, destroyed. Finally, Mayakovsky committed suicide; Erdman, Babel, Kirshon, Semenov and Tretyakov "disappeared"; and Yuri Olesha has been silent. Gorchakov's list is long, but tragically incomplete.

Nor does Gorchakov mention the fate of the non-Russian minority theaters and theater workers. In 1932 I found the Gosset, a strikingly effective Yiddish troupe; there were also Georgian, Armenian, White Russian, Ukrainian companies; what has happened to them and numerous theaters? We have heard that Mikhoels, the sparkplug of Gosset, perished, along with many Yiddish playwrights, in the wave of Communist anti-semitism. But we also know that there has been an equally strong wave against all forms of "cosmopolitanism" or non-Russianism.

Gorchakhov's massive book, as a comprehensive history of the Soviet theater, has its spots of incompleteness, but it is an essential work for the study of modern cultural history. It makes abundantly clear the fact that dictatorships are viciously stupid. The artistic wealth and variety of the Russian theater brought incalculable prestige to Russia; great plays and productions are exportable; no amount of "sputniks" can equal in propaganda value the effect of one "Cherry Orchard" or one "Lower Depths." The reduction of Russian drama to mere broadsides of party slogans has been a stupid blunder. And the Russian masses, being but human, have missed plays about love and jealousy, about family relations, about "personal" conflicts, inner tensions, psychological involvements, purely human aspirations and frustrations. Art, in its highest form, is always autonomous and above politics—a fact which political monolithicians have never discovered.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN

By JUDSON JEROME

The Dark Sister. By Winfield Townley Scott. New York University Press, 1958. $3.95.

The Hawk in the Rain. By Ted Hughes. Harper, 1957. $2.75.

Poems. By Richmond Lattimore. University of Michigan, 1957. $3.75.

Pegasus and Other Poems. By C. Day Lewis. Harper, 1958. $3.

A Swimmer in the Air: Poems. By Howard Moss. Scribner's, 1957. $3.

Poets of Today IV: The Reverend Ghost and Other Poems, by George Garrett; *The Harvest and the Scythe: Poems,* by Theodore Holmes; *This Various World and Other Poems,* by Robert Wallace. Edited by John Hall Wheelock. Scribner's, 1957. $3.95.

Changes of Garments. By Neil Weiss. Indiana University Press, 1957. $2.75.

Women of Trachis. By Ezra Pound. New Directions, 1957. $3.

Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana: Poems. By Eli Siegel. Definition Press, 1957. $1.65.

I understand (from David Daiches) that the competing forces these days in British poetry are the thick and thin young men, inspired, respectively, by Dylan Thomas and Wordsworth. These are useful categories with which to approach poetry of our day, but I would like to suggest a third: transparent. I do not mean this term pejoratively; I use it in the sense Eliot used it in discussing poetic drama. There is a kind of poetry so exactly appropriate to its matter that one hardly is conscious of it at all. One sees not the paint but the picture, not the poet but the poetry, not the poetry but the subject. This thick-thin-transparent metaphor is not exactly right, for it might imply that the thinner the poetry the more transparent. Some subjects demand thick poetry, some thin. Transparent poetry is so perfectly adapted that one never measures its degree of thickness.

As an example, from the books received this year by *The Antioch Review,* I would like to offer Winfield Scott's *The Dark Sister,* an epic (bless Mr. Scott's heart) based on high Viking adventure. Freydis, half-sister

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of Lief Ericson, a darkly beautiful and evil woman in the grand manner, organizes and leads an expedition from Greenland to Vinland, the New World, for wood—from which she expects a financial profit. She embodies all the resources of womankind, including an indifference to abstract ethics, and she is thus able to manipulate the emotions and energies of the variety of burly, furred and horn-helmeted men whom she elects to work her will. With her weak husband, Thorvard, she commands one ship while two Norwegian tradesmen command the other: brothers, Helge (elder, stronger, and, along with Lief, the ethical touchstone) and Finborge (passionate, pagan, easily seduced by Freydis and conquered). Their long journey into the mysterious western sea, the feuding and competition between the crews of the two ships (bad-feeling deliberately fostered by Freydis), the knuckling long winter in an isolate New World, the betrayal of the Norwegians, the return to Greenland, and Freydis's unsavory success and madness constitute the major episodes of the story.

It has all the advantages of thrilling fiction and disciplined poetry. I kept imagining it as a movie, which, albeit a miserable index of my imagination, indicates something of the vividness and drama of the narrative: dramatically conceived, with setting, scene; setting, scene. The dialogue is strangely limber and convincing, a remarkable achievement if you consider the difficulties of suggesting another time, another tongue, in the confines of poetic lines and, at the same time, adhering to the immediacy of modern idiom.

Greenland, where the story begins, is an outpost of settled civilization, and we first see Freydis, winsome, feminine, interrupting a chess game between her elderly Christian brother, Lief, and his "boyhood tutor, court jester, wise friend," the dwarf Tyrker. Interrupting chess, the ordered, leisurely, intelligent play of civilization, is symbolically the function of Freydis, who has of civilization only the wiles and of barbarity all the spirit. As soon as the ships push off into the misty seas she begins to emerge in her deadly, inescapably barbarous incarnation: and you cannot help loving her, dreading her, following her spider mind with fascination.

I would like to summarize and quote for more pages than space allows, but will limit myself to samples which suggest the range and fluidity—the transparency—of the verse.

We have beauty in the stark, long winter:

> THE COLD stretched like a humming drum,
> Day after iron day. The woods
> Creaked and snapped in the hard air. Bayside
> Crusted with great scums of blue-white ice which cowled in
> frozen falls the shore rock.

Sun thin. Night swift in. By night the sky
Vaulting past the northern stars; the stars filmed
With slow clouds of snow.
Which descended,
Haunting the gray morning, flying, changing
In the wind-music, moaning out of the woods and
screaming across the waters;
Rolling the world.

Or, in contemplative monologue, ugliness:

"Or do I despise all men?" said Freydis aloud,
walking homeward alone
Along the wind-scuffed beach, ghosts of the dawn wavering
over the coldly quiet sea.
"Their little jabbing trick in their moments of
proud flesh. A woman permits it—
Permits the paddling of hands like a dog's paws
On her and the jigging dance.
The bone digs for the dog and he pants above it
like a drunken emperor
Rubbing himself in victory."

Or, fighting the Indians, action:

Freydis moved out like a tranced woman,
Gray in the face—hair mad—the bodice torn full off
her great breasts.
She seized the huge sword. Turning she screamed
at the Skraelings,
And wildly advancing, she struck the blade flat to her
naked flesh. They stopped—slings slack,
And in that moment an arch of arrows curved from the woods
and shattered upon them.

Mr. Scott submits himself to his poetry. One cannot imagine that metaphors left his mind in the last quoted passage, nor that he lacked the inventiveness to find another narrative method than the childish and, and, and. His art, at this moment or at any other, is submersion of art to make the verse stop when the action stops, to tumble loosely on when the action tumbles.

It is amusing, in the face of such achievement as this poem, to think of self-expression. What does Winfield Townley Scott matter? Or what he thinks? Or, least important of all, what he feels? Great art, like that of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, to name individual geniuses, rises to anonymity. The mind of the poet is that commodious mind which can find expression for things in the world. To find expression for himself would be, by

comparison, a petty undertaking. In this poem you do not see the author nor his words: you see the saga itself, conceived greatly, delivered with unashamed excitement, and I, for one, throbbed with it to the end.

Much more characteristic of our times, but still an exciting book, is Ted Hughes' *The Hawk in the Rain*, the winner of the Poetry Center contest, judged by Spender, Auden and Marianne Moore. Mr. Hughes is undeniably thick: tempestuous, heavy-syllabled, gory. Those qualities have an organic function in such a work as the title poem:

> I drown in the drumming ploughland, I drag up
> Heel after heel from the swallowing of the earth's mouth
> From clay that clutches my each step to the ankle
> With the habit of the dogged grave, but the hawk
>
> Effortlessly at height hangs his still eye.

The point is the contrast between the slugging progress of the earth-bound and the aerial hesitation of the hawk. Notice how the verse lifts with the mention of the bird and how the last quoted line hangs on the central spondee. The hawk is "Steady as a hallucination in the streaming air," described in lines, like this one, which rise and dip with grace. It is the mortal fact, though, which most obsesses Mr. Hughes, and no poem ends without its dash of blood. In this one he imagines that the hawk "in his own time meets the weather." He sees "the round angelic eye / Smashed, mix his heart's blood with the mire of the land."

Each poem arrives, thus, at a moment of horror, a moment of realization. To pick one with characteristic strengths and defects, "The Jaguar," starts with images of an indolent zoo, where

> The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun.
> The parrots shriek as if they were on fire, or strut
> Like cheap tarts to attract the stroller with the nut.

The tiger and lion "Lie still as the sun" (notice the simplicity and precision). So far the pace has been kept down by hobbling rhythms, anapests, business words, but the poem moves faster in the third stanza:

> But who runs like the rest past these arrives
> At a cage where the crowd stands, stares, mesmerized,
> As a child at a dream, at a jaguar hurrying enraged. . . .

It is the skill of timing here, the accents falling together and then letting out in the anapests of the last quoted line, which, unlike those at the beginning of the poem, literally trot along. And then the moment "[hurrying] after the drills of his eyes / On a short fierce fuse." All hangs on that mixed metaphor: we move with it from the point of view of the spectator to that

of the nervous cat himself, and we need a stab of terror to carry us into the new intensity and implications of the last part of the poem.

Why does he do it with a mixed metaphor? Why blur the critical instant? I suppose he has a theory for it, but to me it seems like excess of fancy (as opposed to imagination)—or what Addision would call false wit. When the poet goes on to fancy that "There's no cage for him" (the jaguar); "More than to the visionary his cell"—I drift off. He is really talking about the "visionary," not the jaguar. The jaguar and I have been used. There is power and beauty in the final conception:

> The world rolls under the long thrust of his heel.
> Over the cage floor the horizons come.

But it just isn't true (for jaguars) in any way I can imagine. Finally, I have no insight into the zoo, the jaguar, or his unconfining confinment. I do have, and this is Mr. Hughes' art, a shaped experience, building, racing to a bright climax, rounding off into generalization, resolved by reflection and the appearance of wide implication: the poem, like a stone flung idly, arcs gracefully, falls to the water with a splash, and splash and widening circles drift downstream. Perhaps we shouldn't ask truth of a poem as well—but I find when I don't believe I stop experiencing.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hughes is a startling, moving, sometimes great poet. Under thirty now, he will outgrow sensationalism, and the ordering imagination he shows in his rhythm, diction, his sensitive handling of rhyme tones, will all come to more. Now the blood and guts mean less than quiet, certain images (like "still as the sun") which reach into the core of things. He is particularly good at catching the quality of love: as in "Griefs for Dead Soldiers," a telegram reports a death

> Inescapably and more terribly than any bomb
> That dives to the cellar and lifts the house. The bared
> Words shear the hawsers of love that now lash
> Back in darkness, blinding and severing. . . .

"Shear" and "hawsers" are perfect. The mourning woman carries "cups from table to sink."

> She cannot build her sorrow into a monument
> And walk away from it. Closer than thinking
> The dead man hangs around her neck, but never
> Close enough to be touched, or thanked, even,
> For being all that remains in a world smashed.

My contention is that true emotions, true ideas, require no fancy. The exact and imaginative embodiment of feeling in language illustrated by the

monument metaphor and "Closer than thinking," is all the poet needs to convey tragedy. Later, in the same poem, we are given a burial image: "the jolted shape of a face, earth into the mouth." Tragedy becomes the macabre. The tendency of thick poets (like Dylan Thomas) is toward the touch too much, sheer ingenuity, sheer sensation, orgies of metaphors.

Hughes, however, has the instincts to correct these excesses. Some poems ("Parlour-Piece," "The Dove-Breeder," "Secretary,") are classically conceived: neat, direct, with a nasty turn of wit. In "A Modest Proposal" he describes himself and (I assume) his love "as two wolves, come separately to a wood." They are nervous, competitive, and their engagements are bloody; "each / Pictures a mad final satisfaction." But suddenly they see an example of how life might be otherwise:

> And there rides by
> The great lord from hunting. His embroidered
> Cloak floats, the tail of his horse pours,
> And at his stirrup the two great-eyed greyhounds
> That day after day bring down the towering stag
> Leap like one, making delighted sounds.

If one interprets this as a proposal of marriage, it might say "let us adopt civilized ways, co-ordinate, co-operate, for that is how nature is conquered." *If* that is what the poet means, the title is another example of excessive wit, for the connotations of baby-eating are all wrong. But I quote the passage to draw attention to its transparency: the classic dignity and nobility of this final image, the exactness of "floats" and "pours" and "day after day bring down," the understatement of "delighted sounds"—which is all the resolution the poem needs. I hope I have read this poem right—for I would like to believe that Hughes so sees the way out of the woods, in poetry as well as in love. If so, he may become one of our major poets.

Another thick fellow is Richmond Lattimore. Typical lines go:

> Time, now and forever, climb the year and wheel
> the hot stars up: burn sun, sluice rain, burst plant, explode
> our thunderblush of April and unreel
> the winter sleep of animals: hop, crawl toad
> and snake wiggle: poison plant close fondle fresh
> blooms. Now is the indiscriminate resurrection of the flesh
> and shatterfall and pinflash of pain on eyeball and
> finger-ball that feel.

Language dominates the poems; but it is good language, and (as in reading Joyce) the eye can delight in miles of such words without the brain's understanding.

I am more fully engaged, however, when I think I know what he is talking about. The allegory, "Invictus," for example, seemed powerful because the entanglement of words has some relation to man's tangled journey, which he seems to be describing. There is some hope for man, in a minimal way: "we may still be the bat boy who made the team, the third son who was stupid." In speaking as an oracle Lattimore adopts a tone mingling MacLeish and Eliot:

> Nor cross called us
>
> nor moon's obelisk, snake, moth-urn of dead spirits, bull god
> drowned good hanged god. Nothing. No god. But inside
> the furious anatomy we fought, with a sword that could not
>
> imaginably cut anything, the invasion of shadows. We passed
> the sad tree, and the rock, the well of indifference, the night shaken
> by the wings of bats, and in desolate morning cross over and climb to
>
> a shelf-rock half way up the other side of the valley.

Notice how general, how public this is: my impression is that all his work is "made-up," academic. This is not a fault; it is a characteristic. He selects a classic theme and unlocks his word-hoard upon it. For example, he treats judgment day in "Rise and Shine," which begins:

> At the big trumpet we must all put on
> our dentures, tie old strings to knees, adjust
> shank upon socket, wig to cranium, bust
> on ribbed architrave, fastidiously don
> our properties, and blink to face the sun.

Such poetry says nothing: I doubt that Lattimore has any interest in judgment day except as a notion to hang words on. But his theme selected, he does it brilliantly. Life does not protrude through the mannerisms. Some of the brightest poems are epigrammatic sonnets based on articles in *Britannica*, deriving their irony from subsequent historical events. Everything about them is learned, like set speeches. In other poems (*e.g.* "Despair in Seascape") he seems to conclude with embarrassment, to need some final lines to justify the performance. Well, he needn't: the performance is generally sufficient unto itself. But how different are these thick poems from those pulse-tested ones of Hughes!

"And Wretches Hang That Jury Men May Dine"

Scott, Hughes and Lattimore wrote what seemed to me the best of the books we received this year. I would like to mention some others briefly—and unjustly. All of us who write know that when we are not appreciated it is because we are not understood.

C. Day Lewis's *Pegasus and Other Poems* is a solid book by an able (and older) craftsman in the "thin" tradition: that is, less juice per line, more mere talk:

> Meeting the first time for many years
> What do they expect to see
> Of the beings they made once, for better and worse,
> Of each other—he and she?

There is nothing in the stanza which socks. The poems never explode. Sometimes they contain crushing corn: "Oh but in love / There are no secrets," and sometimes they rise to unpretentious wisdom, as when Psyche realizes

> how blank the world can be
> When self-love breaks into that dark room meant
> For love alone, and on the innocent
> Their nakedness dawns, outraging mystery.

and to convincing homily: "my god's love is given but never earned." I do not know much of Lewis's work, but I found this book never uninteresting, as, I think, he might put it.

As a reader begins the first poem of Howard Moss's *A Swimmer in the Air*, with its redundant first line, "The brilliant seaside glitters its farewell," he needs much reassurance before he will give the poet his heart. For me, this never came. My notes are a catalogue of clichés, redundancies, strained rhymes, filled-out lines. Sometimes the errors in diction are amusing, as "where winter wind has furled/ Along the bough of hope its icicles." Wound them up like spaghetti on a fork! Or one might nominate for the *New Yorker*'s "Poems we never finished" department that one in which he seems to assume that the "ardor of the cock" has something to do with the production of eggs, and that in boiling eggs he is cutting off the life of incipient chicks. However, frequently his peculiarly verbal imagination, running so eagerly to turns on words, cute echoes, puns, produces real cleverness—and sometimes something better. I will quote what seemed to me the best stanza, illustrating this verbal preoccupation (as with "change" and "fall")

> The racing waterfall that slowed in fall
> Has thinned to a trickle or an icicle
> And stands as quiet as the rocks it willed
> To move. As though expecting it to fall,
> A listener stands upon a rim of silence,
> Seeing a changed world prepared to change,
> The waterfall silent on its breakneck shelf,
> And silence a spectacle in itself.

I missed the first of the *Poets of Today* series, but this volume is much better than the other two I have seen. For the first time, the introduction is not fatuous, and the quality of the poems is more consistently good. George Garrett seems to me the most mature of the three poets included here. He is a moralist, with a penchant for twisting epigram.

> Precision's not a virtue. I've seen
> the hunter dawdle with the slack
> trigger and take aim. I've seen
> the fallen beast upon its back.
>
> * * * *
>
> I've seen the hunter squinting at the slight.
> I know his breathing and his steady hand.
> I know his joy. Have seen my bright
> blood spill and blacken on the sand.

Theodore Holmes uses a striking, long anapestic line and has the sensibility of a writer of fiction: an excessive need of verisimilitude and room in his commodious lines for detail other poets would leave out. It is a scattershot method, sometimes producing a chaos of metaphor and tasteless, too literal, inclusion. For example, a nude wife is waiting for her husband:

> From somewhere beneath the window and as if it were a bug
> in the Spring air,
> She hears the shoes of her husband creaking on the stairs
> like a winch
> That hoists to her, standing on the scaffolding among the girders,
> The bucket in which she will catch the hot bolts that assure
> the framework of the building
> Her body has been at work to raise over the hole her heart
> found it had to dig in the earth.

Between the bugs, winches, various holes, buckets, lifting and lowering, I think I get the idea: but it was strenuous, and not that important.

Robert Wallace writes a neat, clear poem, almost entirely pictorial: like Oriental poetry, only longer. All three of these poets are observant, careful, and young. One wishes that their touch were somehow more searing.

Most of the poems in Neil Weiss's *Changes of Garments* are tough little enigmas: images, symbols, strung into statements that frequently make little sense on the literal level: you must translate. The symbols, often, do not evoke meaning; they *name* meaning, *are* meaning. For example, in "The Confidence,"

The seeds fall from her legs,
A bird swoops down between
Her thighs, tilting its wings,
hunching a crazy neck,
hobbling up to her breast
where it dies. She flings it,
turns back to me and talks.

Now, no bird did any such thing. If we deduce from this something to the effect that the girl is merely sensual, lacks pity, is incapable of love, is indifferent to the needs of the gentle, we may then know why we should not trust her story of being forced daily by lovers who "made her / do odd things, on roofs," and we may understand why the narrator gets up and walks away. This was, assuming I got it right, an easy one; but the point is, there is a right and wrong, and the poet knows and suppresses the key. Experience is separated from the poem by hocus-pocus. Often Mr. Weiss does what, to my mind, is better; he makes the symbol level of the poem an interesting, consistent experience in itself. (E.g., "The Hike," in which a climb up a mountain suggests sexual intercourse; both the climb and the intercourse are interesting.) Occasionally he relaxes and writes a straightforward, delightful poem (e.g., "The Progeny," or "The Circus"). Occasionally (e.g. "Whore") he is melodramatic, takes himself or his subject too seriously. An intriguing poet, though: knotty.

Ezra Pound's *Women of Trachis* is an embarrassing book from front to back, with defensive, pompous essays by four or five people apologizing for the ridiculous play in between. Pound attempts to find a modern equivalent for the Greek of Sophocles. I don't know the Greek, but I know the language of the streets, I think, and suspect that Pound is out of touch. To my memory, "23 Skidoo" does not occur, but in the eclectic mess of the language of this play it would not be very astonishing. One could quote at random; here is some of Herakles' dying speech:

No gang of plainsman [men?] with spears,
no army of giants come up out of the earth,
no wild beast was strong enough. Nor Greeks,
nor foreigners whose countries I had cleaned up,
but a piddling female did it.
not even a man with balls.
Alone and without a sword.
Boy, you start showing whose son you are. I.e., mine,
and as for the highly revered title to motherhood,
you get that producer out of her house
and hand her over to me.

Rhetorical dignity, fizzling with "cleaned up," Hollywood hardboil, obscenity, legalism, Senator Claghorn—all representing, I assume, the tongue of the ages. Humble words can be given tragic dignity—as they are, for example, in parts of *The Grapes of Wrath*. But Pound, for whatever reason, says I Will, goddamn it, be Hard and Ugly. And he succeeds in being very little more.

Eli Siegel's *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana* is, I think, a hoax. I think that remarks like that of William Carlos Williams (testimonials by William Carlos Williams are always to be distrusted) that Siegel "belongs in the very first rank of our living artists," are basically unkind. I am reminded of the career of Florence Foster Jenkins, who could not sing but who was encouraged to give public recitals so that people could laugh behind her back. The book would be better, of course, without the Preface, the Letter (By W.C.W.) and the notes; but it would still be pitiful.

POEM TO A CAT
(Motif Rotatory)
If I am not
Where Sweetie is,
I cannot wait
Until I am
Where Sweetie is.

The footnote reads, "*Poem to a Cat (Motif Rotatory)*. 1952. Poem has five lines, each of four syllables, with a circle, as I see it, being made by the five-and-four. Immediacy-and-permanence of a cat, I hope, is thereby depicted." First rank, indeed.

ANATOMY OF AN INTERNATIONAL AGENCY

Unesco: Purpose, Progress, Prospects. By Walter H. C. Laves and Charles A. Thomson. Indiana University Press, 1957. Pp. xiii, 469. $7.50.

The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization is one of the more than a dozen satellites whose orbits circle the United Nations. The Charter refers to them as specialized agencies. They are also called functional agencies in contrast with the main organization, the United Nations itself, whose work is general and political. They have been called "workshops for the world."

Unesco, far more than any of the other specialized agencies, has been the object of severe criticism and even bitter attack, especially in the United

States. It has been accused of undermining national loyalties, of advocating world citizenship and international government, of interfering in matters within the domestic jurisdiction of the member states, and of an atheistic or antireligious bias in its work. President Eisenhower thought the charges, or at least their public effects, serious enough to warrant an investigation. After inquiry, the committee in 1953 declared the charges unfounded. It is not necessary to pay much attention to these hard accusations, though they do point to certain basic problems with which the organization has to wrestle, but there are more sober charges which cannot be easily ignored, such as the overlapping of its activities with those of other specialized agencies, that its program is too broad, its activities too profuse and its projects often poorly conceived and planned, and that it has failed in its appeal to the peoples of the world.

During the early years of Unesco considerable attention was devoted to the problem of arriving at a Unesco "philosophy." This is not surprising. The preamble to the Constitution of Unesco states "that a peace based exclusively upon the political and economic arrangements of governments would not be a peace which could secure the unanimous, lasting and sincere support of the peoples of the world, and that the peace must therefore be founded, if it is not to fail, upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind." But upon what principles or beliefs is that solidarity to be built? This problem did not arise in the other specialized agencies to anywhere near the same degree. Whatever a person's life and world view, he is interested in better health, more food, safety in air transportation, and the exchange of communications. But in an organization whose purpose is to promote the "intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind" this problem will not down. The basic and crucial problem is anthropological. What is man and what are the needs of his nature which demand true satisfaction? Education, science, culture are all ambiguous. They are not ends in themselves, but only means to an end. Germany and Japan are examples of countries whose technological achievements won the admiration of the world. However, they used their advanced technology not for peace but for war, not for enlarging men's freedom but for stifling the human spirit. Germany was probably the most advanced country in the world at the time, yet it committed the most barbaric atrocities. The United States and the whole Western world is surprised and shocked at Russia's scientific knowledge and technical skill. With a little more sense of Biblical realism Americans might have been spared this shock, for the Bible clearly teaches that there is no necessary correlation between cultural achievement and morality.

The authors of the book under review state, and correctly, that the background for the development of the United Nations is to be found in the

long history of liberalism and democracy. This being so, it is small wonder that the United Nations at once became an ideological forum and battleground rather than a center of cooperation.

It is interesting to note that the early groping for a philosophy was in large part the response to the felt need to bring unity among the multiplicity of Unesco's activities. Julian Huxley, the first Director-General of the agency, thought that he had found this basic philosophy in what he described as evolutionary, scientific humanism. This approach was immediately challenged from several sides. It can readily be seen why. Some thought that the idea of a basic philosophy violated the principle of cultural diversity on which Unesco was based, but others objected to its implied assumptions that values are relative, that only the scientific method can lead to the discovery of truth and that man is the measure and end of all things. Fortunately, or unfortunately, science has no devices or techniques for the determination of values, and that is basically what the struggle is about.

Jacques Maritain, the great French Catholic philosopher, joined in the discussion of the problem. He frankly recognized the paradoxical character of Unesco's function, "since it implies intellectual agreement between men whose views of the world, of culture and even of knowledge are different and even opposed." He concluded that while agreement could not be reached on "the basis of common speculative ideas," agreement was possible in the field of "common practical ideas." Unesco's goals and programs should therefore be practical.

In the situation Maritain's solution was the only "practical" one, but it at once reduced Unesco's function to a much less pretentious one than had been originally conceived. It also carried the implication that the sense of world community which is necessary for effective international cooperation for peace will not be soon or easily achieved.

Laves and Thomson give a comprehensive account of the development of Unesco during the formative first decade of existence. They are unusually well qualified for the task they assume. Mr. Laves is a political scientist, who in one way or another has been associated with Unesco from its birth, and from 1947 to 1950 he served as its Deputy Director-General. Mr. Thomson has also had unusual opportunities to view Unesco's work at firsthand. He was a member of the United States delegation to the 1945 London Conference which drafted Unesco's Constitution and to most of the subsequent General Conferences. From 1946 to 1950 he served as the director of the Unesco Relations staff in the Department of State and Executive Secretary of the United States National Commission for Unesco, and from 1950 to 1954 he served as Counselor for Unesco Affairs of the American Embassy and United States Representative at Unesco. This large investment in time

and sentiment in the agency has not kept them from viewing it objectively and examining its development and achievements critically.

The authors divide their account into three parts: the first dealing with "Unesco's Origins, Its Character, and the Evolution of Its Program"; the second with "Unesco's Work: How It Has Been Used by Member States"; and the third with "Program Makers, National Policies, and an Appraisal." The authors frankly characterize the first decade of Unesco's history as one of "uncertainty and trial and error regarding what Unesco should do and how it should do it." Laves and Thomson succinctly summarize the evolution of Unesco's program with the statement that "various attempts were made to introduce order and unity into a program which at first threatened to become a catchall of almost chaotic character." They ascribe the diffuseness of the program in part to the uncertainty and disagreement on Unesco's precise purpose, but also in part to the different stages of development among the member states, "their diverse educational and cultural traditions and political, economic and social systems." There were differences of views as to whether Unesco should contribute directly to peace and security or do so indirectly by promoting the welfare of mankind through education, science and culture. The authors conclude that activities contributing indirectly rather than directly to peace were given preference. "Hence the immediate objective of Unesco tends to be seen as the advancement of knowledge, promotion of human welfare, and development of international understanding. In practice this has meant the acceptance of a multiple purpose which justifies a wider range of activities than would have been possible had it been required that each activity should make a direct contribution to peace and security."

The story of Unesco's work in the advancement of knowledge and the improvement of education, and the promotion of peace is fascinating reading. It must be admitted that although most of the projects represented trial and many of them were errors, the total result is nevertheless impressive. And let it be remembered that the cost was insignificant: Unesco began in 1947 with a budget of less than $7,000,000, which gradually increased to $11,347,038 in 1956. Unesco deals with elusive but very important problems. It undoubtedly is an exaggeration to say that the moment a problem can be reduced to a formula it ceases to be important, but it nevertheless contains much truth. Most of the problems Unesco deals with can never be reduced to formulas. Trial and error in much of its work is inevitable. It is breaking new ground.

Laves and Thomson conclude that Unesco has been "most effective when it sought to strengthen and extend traditional methods of cooperation to advance knowledge," that it "has also been successful in a newer field:

marshalling the world's educational, scientific, and cultural resources for a cooperative solution of major problems affecting human welfare," and that it has been "least successful in making direct and immediate contributions to international understanding." While these sober conclusions do not give grounds for great optimism as to what Unesco can do, they do not justify pessimism. What Unesco is doing is worth doing. The full effects of most of its work must necessarily be a matter of time.

This is an excellent book. It is to be hoped that we may soon have equally good treatises on the other specialized agencies of the United Nations. This book can well serve as a model for future general studies of international organizations.

Leiden, Netherlands —AMRY VANDENBOSCH

ONE MAN'S TELEVISION

Patterns: Four Television Plays With the Author's Personal Commentaries. By Rod Serling. Simon and Schuster, 1957. $3.95.

Three years ago last January the Kraft Television Theatre presented *Patterns*, a play by television-writer Rod Serling about a struggle over power in a large corporation. Serling had been writing for television since 1950 and had moved into the successful T-V brackets of New York after an apprenticeship in Cincinnati, but he was unprepared for what followed. After the play went off the air the young author's phone began to ring and in the next fourteen days he received 23 offers of television writing assignments, 3 offers of motion-picture writing assignments, 14 requests for interviews from magazines and newspapers plus a number of bids by book publishers looking for new novels and Broadway producers looking for plays. His success was critical as well as popular. T-V critics, especially Jack Gould of the New York *Times*, set up a din to repeat the play, and it was telecast again a month later.

Wisely, *Patterns* was not published until it could be included with other T-V plays by Serling. It appears here with *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, an hour-and-a-half play appearing in October, 1956 on Playhouse 90 and good enough to receive five Emmy Awards from the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences; *Old McDonald Had a Curve*, that rare item a T-V comedy (with farcical overtones), obviously put in here as a change

of pace; and *The Rack*, the tightest and most carefully wrought drama of the four but no popular success. Also included are the author's commentaries on each of his plays and a 42-page introduction divided about equally between frank discussion of the vicissitudes of his own writing career and pro-and-con criticism of television as a medium for drama. In some respects the most remarkable contributions are the post-commentaries on the plays, for Serling assumes the hazardous task of pinpointing both defects and virtues as they appear in his own work; in this he seems more careful and candid than anyone, critics included, might expect.

Reviews of the book have been few and brief, and one is inclined to wonder why. In spite of the here-today-gone-tomorrow quality inherent in television production, it is impossible that plays like *Patterns* and *Requiem* could be so soon forgotten. It may be, of course, that editors think of television as a world apart with its own reviewing apparatus, or that they think of it, the best of it, as a potential rival which is best ignored as long as possible. Or they may consider T-V plays simply too difficult to review properly. Even more than in the theatre, the drama on TV is affected by its production. Recently there appeared in book form the *Best Television Plays, 1957* (Harcourt, Brace. $5.75). Twenty college professors, most of them in English departments, nominate television plays for consideration, and presumably they have seen the plays they select. But final selection is made by three judges—and how could they possibly have seen on the television screen the dozens of plays from which presumably they chose the best? The hazard of judging a certain T-V play is that you may be out to dinner, visiting friends, seeing a movie, or reading a book at the only hour it is being performed. Of the four plays included here I have seen on television only *Patterns* and *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. *The Rack* I saw as a motion picture. *Old MacDonald* I saw nowhere till I met the script in the book. This review, too, will be incomplete. And it will have to be relatively brief.

There is no doubt that *Patterns* profited from an excellent production. The direction was brilliant, the acting top-flight. Yet no drama is better than its action or the issue highlighted by its conflict. The play was built out of genuine conflict. Ostensibly it is the story of Fred Staples, a junior executive brought into the central office of a large corporation to replace Andy Sloane, an older "junior" executive of many years of faithful service. All forces join to whet the ambition of young Staples. Yet the promising conflict between Staples and Sloane does not develop. Instead, the two men half-blindly combine in a vain effort to thwart a larger enemy, Ramsay, the tough, ruthless president of the corporation. Ramsay's purpose in bringing Staples along, it appears, has been to force Sloane to accept the ashheap.

In the ensuing struggle, Sloane has a heart attack and dies. Distraught and angry, Staples marches into Ramsay's office to tell him off and quit. He does the first, but Ramsay, yielding none of his ruthlessness, challenges him to stay on and fight for his (and Sloane's) "ethics" within the firm. With an open reservation that he may some day come in and break Ramsay's jaw, Staples accepts the challenge.

The tension in the play lays bare the structure of big-business bureaucracy quite as much as it promotes its personal drama. Reality fails only where Staples' wife Fran appears; a confused, unrealized character, she manages to ruin only the end of the second act, which in its falseness has something of the theatricality of an old-fashioned second-act curtain.

Some T-V viewers observing a rare adult play on the screen and too hastily summoning their Marx, were disappointed when hero Staples temporized with capitalism by "rejoining" Ramsay and the corporation. But the play is no direct attack on capitalism, intended or unintended, and the author's ending is no craven compromise. Conflict is there but it is primarily conflict within the corporate system. Ramsay is a hard idealist and "efficient" perfectionist. Staples believes in good "personal relations." Within the same system the two men define their goals in opposite terms. The play's theme is power and how it should be employed. Basically the same drama could have taken place in the Kremlin—and maybe it has. It can happen all over the world, regardless of ideologies, wherever men have been organized together to do a masculine and sometimes disagreeable job.

For all its high quality, one has a feeling that *Patterns* was not completely the author's own play. No such feeling is possible about *The Rack*. Serling was 19 months in the total writing, longer than he has given to any other play. His subject was treason, the "hero" a turncoat in the Korean War, the action trial in an American military court. Serling was a paratrooper in World War II, and one can see the subject of treason and informing working on him as he sought to tackle it head on. He rewrote the play seven times. His first draft took the view that prosecution of defectors was, though it might be expedient, basically unjust. On turning it in, he was urged to go to Washington. He spent three weeks in the Pentagon, and learned there many of the facts about Army defectors in Korea which Eugene Kinkead wrote about in greater factual detail a long time afterward in *The New Yorker* (October 26, 1957). He also observed the Army "walking tiptoe and in agony looking for justice" in the cases being investigated, he talked with Army prosecutors torn in their efforts at pursuing justice, and his later rewrites took on a more serious, more somber color. How was one to equate some of the incredible pressures brought upon American POWs in North Korea and China? Was one to

forgive and forget? If so, what was one to say to the greater number of prisoners who endured equal or greater pressures and didn't crack? The play began to evolve more as the presentation of a problem than as an answer to it. In what might be called an understatement, Serling too hesitantly calls *The Rack* "by and large, one of the most honest things I have ever written." What he means apparently is that he examined the issue of American defection in Korea from every possible angle, that he himself sweat over the details of writing and that he saw the story of Captain Ed Hall, returned POW who stands trial for collaboration with the enemy, not only in terms of dramatic imagination but also in terms of a reality usually reserved for a documentary. *The Rack* is not pleasant,, it is "unsatisfying" and to call it entertainment is to stretch that term beyond the horizon of the usual T-V audience. It is, nevertheless, a first-rate play well in advance of its time, and fortunately it was a critical success.

It was probably inevitable that Serling attempt an original play about a prize fighter. He had fought briefly as a boxer in the Army, and well trained by an ex-professional with a record of sixty-eight fights, he had come to have a knowledge and a certain love of the prize ring. *Requiem for a Heavyweight* is no fight picture, however. There are no fights in it, no screaming crowds and no shots at ringside. We meet Mountain McClintock, an honest also-ran, at the very end of his career, at the time when, a hulk of bruised, bleeding flesh, he has lost his last fight. McClintock has fought a hundred and eleven fights and never taken a dive. Beside his massive personal dignity all he owns is his need for a job. Fighting has left him unprepared for anything else. Bulldozed momentarily into considering a new role as wrestler, he manages to retain his dignity and repudiate the fakery. And presently he returns to his boyhood home in the Tennessee mountains. Other characters are McClintock's queasy manager, his sentimental trainer and a girl social worker the fighter meets in his search for a job. But the Mountain in his slow-moving honesty and dignity commands the play. The characterization was helped immeasurably by actor Jack Palance, for whom the role seemed made. *Requiem* was a success of popularity as well as of criticism.

One of the measures of the strength of the play was that it appeared on Playhouse 90, an expanded hour-and-a-half program designed to give the greatest scope to its dramas but one that since *Requiem* has never lived up to its advance notices. The basic problem, I think (and it affects Serling's play), is interference from commercials. In his introduction Serling pays his respects to the fact that actually there are no "good" commercials. (He cites as one of the worst examples the pitchmen who impersonate doctors in white coats and urge listeners to do as their "patients" do. The pounding

and shouting of this "dramatization" are so frenzied that they seem designed to give T-V viewers one of the headaches the "doctors" nostrum is supposed to cure. The same performance has been repeated for so many months on certain T-V programs that I have wondered about the "patient's" final testimonial: "I feel GREAT—and Anacin doesn't upset my stomach!" What price a pill if one's innards lie quiet under the drug but start jumping at the first sound of the commercial?)

One may accept the idea that there are no "good" commercials. Yet it is often not the commercials themselves so much as their repetition and their interference with the drama which—particularly in a longer program—form a basic defect. A program like Playhouse 90 is too expensive to be supported by only one or two sponsors, and that apparently means breaking the play into bits and pieces. *Requiem* was written in three acts and appears so in the book. On television it appeared in six parts split up by sponsored interruptions. In his frank commentary Serling notes that one of the weak spots of *Requiem* is the unnecessary last scene in which McClintock is shown play-boxing with a small boy on the train homeward bound. The scene is the tail end of the third act and cannot be more than three or four minutes long. Yet it "logically" became the sixth part—highlighted as the play's climax because it had to be preceded and followed by commercials. Six curtains for a play with only 70 full minutes of action erect a handicap few plays can overcome. (The theme of *Requiem* as well as its quality very nearly performed this feat.) It seems axiomatic that dramatic tension and suspense are not entities that can be interrupted at will.

Though inadequately reviewed, this book lays down a kind of starting line for the artistic honesty and dignity of television drama. Rod Serling recently moved to Hollywood. The blandishments there are not exactly what they once were. Today presumably a heated swimming pool is a heated swimming pool is a heated swimming pool. But there are other distractions. To judge from a distance and to mention only one item, there is a tendency for the successful to incorporate themselves and to enter the field of entrepreneurship. One hopes that Serling will remain a writer. It is not only that his talents and his ability are primarily those of a writer, or that he has helped to give television writing individuality. It is that no one else has spoken out so forcefully and so repeatedly, in this book and elsewhere, on the subject of television's timidities, its hostages to commercial sponsorship, its censorship. This last will lose much of its effect unless it continues to come from the horse's mouth.

—Paul Bixler

A VICTORIAN'S "AGE OF WISDOM"

Thackeray: The Age of Wisdom, 1847-1863. By Gordon N. Ray. McGraw-Hill, 1958. 523 pp., $8.

In 1862, a year before his death, William Makepeace Thackeray finished reading a contemporary biography; his immediate reaction to the exposure of another man's personal story was to tell his daughters firmly that after his death there was to be no authorized work on himself. His decision evidently held until the time he died, for in 1864-65 one daughter, Lady Ritchie, set down in her recollections of her father, "Papa said when I drop there is to be no life written of me, mind this & consider it as my last testament & desire." The result of this stricture has been a long history of the very kind of calumnies—in unauthorized biographies, in fictional portraits supposedly modeled after him, in personal reminiscences by his enemies—that Thackeray wished to avoid. Not until 1939 did his grandchildren feel free to ignore this ancestral taboo, to release for Gordon Ray all of the materials that would make possible a truly definitive study of the man.

Since Mr. Ray acquired the family papers, joining with them great masses of Thackeray material from other sources, he has been peeling off the much-confused layers of the author's character one by one, until with this, the second volume of the biography, he seems to have gotten to the man's core, which, if Thackeray could only have allowed us to observe it earlier, we would have found sound and hearty all these years. First came Mr. Ray's four-volume edition, in 1945-47, of Thackeray's private papers and letters. This was followed in 1952 by *The Buried Life*, a study of the relation between Thackeray's fiction and his personal history. Three years ago appeared the first volume of the promised biography, covering the years of Thackeray's "adversity," 1811-1846, when Thackeray, struck by a series of defeats that would have felled a lesser man, rose from a hack writer to the author of *Vanity Fair* and the only figure seriously to threaten Dickens' position as *the* novel writer of the early Victorian period.

Beyond being a remarkably objective, sensitive study of a man, his early works, and his surroundings, the first volume of Mr. Ray's biography was packed with the drama of Thackeray's battle against a number of harrowing obstacles: his youthful addiction to gambling for high stakes and to living in high fashion; the loss of his fortune during the great Indian Bank failure; his struggles for maturity and recognition, first as an artist and then as a hack writer; the gradual mental disintegration of his wife, who lapsed into hopeless insanity after four years of marriage, leaving her husband with two children, for whom he resolved to provide, in time, with the surroundings

and dowries proper for a proper gentleman's daughters. To a large extent, the excitement of Mr. Ray's first volume depended upon the stirring nature of Thackeray's life during his first thirty-five years—the practically inevitable excitement that comes from any portrait of the artist as a young man.

Mr. Ray's study of Thackeray's "age of wisdom" starts with his settling down in Kensington, London, determined to maintain the literary and social position that he had established with the publication of *Vanity Fair*. The novels continue to flow from his pen, some only with a great deal of trouble and pain, some matching in power the greatness of the novel that had made him famous: *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*. To increase the fortunes of his daughters, he begins a series of lectures, and twice follows the most lucrative speaking circuits in America. Having become one of the prominent personages of the London literary scene, he is offered and accepts the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he manages expertly, if conservatively (in his earlier days he was closely associated with the radical *Punch*). He is invited to become a member of the best social clubs in the city, and he is everywhere accepted as a gentleman by the most exclusive circles.

With the drop into these somewhat prosaic pursuits of Thackeray comes a corresponding drop in the holding power that characterized Mr. Ray's first volume, though this fall is by no means within the biographer's power of control. Throughout his life Thackeray was a conservative in spirit; his last sixteen years were deliberately lived so. Though in his earlier books, *The Book of Snobs* and *Vanity Fair*, he had leveled his momentous satirical guns against things as they are (particularly against the evils and follies of Regency snobbery), in all of his life, in all of his works, he accepted the implied standards that are defined by one newspaper's report of his lecture series: "He speaks," said the *Morning Chronicle*, "as a gentleman addressing an audience of ladies and gentlemen." In *Vanity Fair* and elsewhere he had petulantly complained of his inability to describe things exactly as they are, owing to the number of Mrs. Grundys among his readers; nevertheless, his own predilection was for a gentlemanly display of manners ("Virtue is a home quality," he insisted; "manners are the coat it wears when it goes abroad."); and in the section of his life described here he was to call more and more for "simplicity, moderation, and common sense," for deliberate cultivation of one's betters, for the amenities of the club, even for proper respect of "that noble institution, the dinner."

Thackeray was anything but a dull man, as Mr. Ray makes clear. The vital energy packed into his huge frame (he was six feet six inches tall), the immense capacity for meeting the world about him with a forthright Rabelaisian gusto, the sheer fineness of his mind and wit—all of these traits

were enough to ensure for him a rich life, and for the reader-follower of it a great deal of pleasure. But even in the two events in *The Age of Wisdom* that are intrinsically most moving—Thackeray's "longing passion unfulfilled" for the wife of his friend, William Brookfield, and his prolonged fight with Dickens and the Grub Street men, with whom he had formerly been allied—the self-imposed checks of his Victorian middle-class decorum are abundantly evident. For an extended period he conducted his passionate romance with Mrs. Brookfield; a romance, however, that for a long while received the blessings of her fully-informed husband (he insisted that he be allowed to read and censor all of their correspondence) as long as it remained Platonic—and mannered. In his quarrel with Dickens, he aligned himself solidly with the baronets of the Garrick Club, and he never wavered in his beliefs as long as he was convinced that he was taking the only course open to a gentleman.

Mr. Ray is completely aware of the staid, conservative quality that characterizes Thackeray during the last decade and a half of his life; he makes it, in fact, the principal motif of his second volume, and he sees it as the dominating factor that gives Thackeray's writing its significance. "Frequenting society like Proust in part to seek '*la verification de la mécanique sociale*,'" Mr. Ray writes, "[Thackeray] found even gradations in rank unobjectionable from the artistic point of view, since they at least served the purpose of making differences in character and manners salient in what might otherwise have been mere nondescript and confusing mass." Further, whatever tragic implications exist in Thackeray's books are there largely because Thackeray had learned clearly that a frivolous, highly systematized society could debase people and ideals.

This sweet reason, which allows Gordon Ray to see the merits that could come even from Thackeray's attempts to make the aristocratic outlook available widely to England's middle classes, is typical of his entire approach to biography. As critics of his first volume were quick to say, he is admirably clear-headed, objective, accurate, just—the perfect Boswell for this nineteenth-century Johnson. Whenever he deals with the less praiseworthy actions of his subject, he is quick enough (though not too quick) to point them out; one never gets the impression that he has beatified Thackeray. While his criticism of Thackeray's books does not pretend to be intensely analytical in the new-critical sense, he still gives the impression that he sees the writing as he sees the man—soundly, wisely.

More striking than anything else in these two volumes, however, is the degree to which Mr. Ray has managed to move into Thackeray's milieu and to record the tiniest beat of its pulse—the feel of its homes and clubs, of what it must have been like to be on a speaking tour in a foreign country, of the

journalistic clashings and clangings between Grub Street and the academy, of its magazines and newspapers. Perhaps to a greater degree than in any other century, nineteenth-century Britain left for posterity an Everest-like mountain of documents (letters, diaries, minutes, memoirs) by means of which it is possible for a biographer to recreate not only the specific temper of the times but also to correct the facile stereotypes that come to mind whenever the word "Victorian" is mentioned; and this biography of Thackeray is one of a number of recent nineteenth-century studies that have used the powers of scholarship well, helping us to understand the humanity of the Victorian personality.

Mr. Ray's *Thackeray* must also suggest, at least to the general reader, that the price of scholarly thoroughness and accuracy very often includes a high taxing of one's ability to sustain interest in recountings of matters that are at best routine and ephemeral. Anyone who has moved through such huge nineteenth-century studies as Edgar Johnson's on Dickens, Jay Leda's on Melville, or Arthur Quinn's on Poe, can hardly help longing for the time when quite "legitimate" biographies were more freewheeling, less exhaustively documented, even more subjective and opinionated. One is thankful, of course, that the word "definitive" can precede the descriptions of so many of our current biographies; but there remains the insidious suspicion that something has gone out of the form—conciseness, flair, personality, perhaps even plain wrongheaded hero worship.

Antioch College —Robert Maurer

As a follow-up to C. Hartley Grattan's article in this issue of **The Antioch Review** *(page 76), read—*

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